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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIV — SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1907. — NO. 47

TWO RESIDENTS OF THIS VICINITY DIED THIS WEEK

Thomas Whipple of Keating Township and Edward Barber of Crosby.

MR. WHIPPLE'S DEATH SUDDEN

He Was Sick Only a Few Days—Mr. Barbour Died in a Buffalo Hospital —He Formerly Lived Here.

Thomas Whipple, a well known citizen of Keating township, died very suddenly at his home on the Mt. Alton road a short distance from Smethport, Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1907, after a few days illness of pneumonia.

Mr. Whipple was a steady, hard-working man, and the tidings of his sudden death were a painful surprise to his many friends, as he had been confined to the house but a few days. He was born in Little Valley, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1832, therefore was just in the prime of life when his death occurred. He came to this part of the country about twenty-five years ago and soon after married Miss Addie Sheldon. Seven children were born to them, all of whom are living—two sons, Clyde and Lawrence, and five daughters, Mrs. Phil Vickery, Mrs. Chas. Dare, Flora, Audrey and Cleo.

The funeral was held at St. Luke's church this afternoon at 1 o'clock, the Rev. W. E. VanDyke of Kane officiating. The remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

EDWARD BARBER.

Edward Barber, a son of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Barber of Crosby, the family being former residents of Smethport, died in a Buffalo hospital Monday, Nov. 18, 1907, the cause of his death being diabetes and other troubles. He was aged about 26 years.

Mr. Barber was a genial and industrious young man who had many friends. He was quite an accomplished musician and was well known and popular among band men in this section.

The remains were brought to Crosby Monday night and the funeral services were held in the Union church at that place, Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The burial was in the Colegrove cemetery.

Three Men Killed.

Saturday afternoon the blowing of the round house whistle five times announced that a wreck had occurred on the Pennsylvania road between Kane and Renovo, says the Republican. From the haste in getting the wreck crew out it was evident that the wreck was a bad one. Upon inquiry we learned that the accident was at Howards, a small station between Emporium and Driftwood, where there is a water plug.

It seems that an extra freight train had stopped at the plug and the fireman was upon the tank taking water when train No. 81 came along and crashed into the rear end of the extra.

Conductor Fie and Flagman Welsh of Renovo, and Brakeman Curry of Johnsonburg were in the cabin of the extra and when the crash came they were caught like rats in a trap, and as the huge locomotive plowed its way through the cabin the men were buried beneath the wreckage.

The wreck took fire and before the bodies of the dead men could be reached they were badly burned, those of the flagman and brakeman being nearly burned to a crisp. The body of the conductor was found on the headlight of the engine.

An investigation will be made in order to determine who was to blame for the accident.

Surprising Arrest Monday.

A well known Smethport man was arrested Monday on a warrant obtained by a girl who claimed that the defendant attempted to assault her last Thursday. The man in the case furnished bail in the sum of $300. The affair has caused a great deal of talk and something of a sensation. So many conflicting stories are afloat regarding the matter that there is no use entering into details.

Fire Near Farmers Valley Saturday.

Fire Saturday afternoon destroyed a house on the Digel hollow road occupied by Andrew Essenia and family. The house was owned by Miss Roeder of Farmers Valley. The Essenia family by hard work managed to save a small part of their property, but sustained quite a heavy loss. The fire is supposed to have been caused by a defective chimney.

For Sale.

The house and lot at the corner of Green and Union streets. Apply to F. A. McCoy. 46-tf

Wanted.

To exchange second hand hemlock lumber for hay. C. H. Gleason.

Wanted—A girl for general house work. Apply or address Mrs. H. C. Wells.

Killed Four Bears Last Week.

Frank and Milo Ovitt, sons of the well known hunter, John B. Ovitt of Norwich, are always to be depended upon in the bear-killing line. They slaughtered four last week, two yearlings and two cubs, in the vicinity of their home on the west branch of Potato creek. One of the cubs was on exhibition in town Saturday.

Bears seem to be unusually plentiful this year, not only in McKean county, but in Potter, Elk and Cameron. President Roosevelt should be invited to try his skill in this part of the country as it is almost a certainty that the Ovitt boys or the Lymans up at Liberty could get him a shot at a bear almost any day. The President's hunting trip in the South brought him great popularity but mighty little game. Up here he would have a good share of both.

When Gen. U. S. Grant was President of the United States he visited Gen. Kane at Kane. He was taken out on a trout fishing trip and, so the story goes, some village cut-up had the President arrested for fishing out of season, but the General promptly paid his fine and fished some more.

President Roosevelt and his "tennis" cabinet could have more fun tracking bears over McKean county hills for a few days than they can scare up playing diabolo or watching Jap wrestlers for a month, and they would not be interferred with as Gen. Grant was.

Civil Court Proceedings.

In the case of Martin Hickey vs. E. R. and R. R. Caldwell, a suit for damages, Hickey was an employe at the Caldwell foundry in Bradford, when an explosion of molten metal caused severe injuries to a number of men. Among those burned was Hickey. He sued for damages in the sum of $15,000. The jury after listening to the evidence and the arguments, awarded a verdict to the plaintiff for $8,000.

In the case of M. K. Palmer vs. Abe Goodnuth, the jury awarded a verdict for the plaintiff.

A verdict for the plaintiff was found in the case of Allen Marsh vs. the Bradford Produce Co.

Sybil Burdick was awarded, in her suit against the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., the sum of $1,000 on account of personal injuries sustained by falling on a walk maintained by that company at Port Allegany.

In the case of Mr. and Mrs. Prial of East Bradford against R. Hannahs of the same place, the jury awarded damages in the sum of $25 for Mrs. Prial and $10 for her husband. A motion for a new trial has been made.

In the case of Rizzy vs. Stickles the plaintiff was awarded $16.34.

Pleasant Surprise Party.

Forty-six friends of Mrs. A. A. Abbey of Bank street walked into her home on Saturday evening and took her completely by surprise, the occasion being her birthday, and they brought along lots of good things to eat. A half dozen handsome Haviland china plates, a dozen fine glasses and a cracker jar were presented by Mrs. Carr on behalf of Mrs. Abbey's many friends. She was also the recipient of a fine jardinere which was presented by Mr. Carr in a manner which caused much merriment. From her two daughters, Misses Clyte and Cora, she received a dozen Haviland china cups and saucers and from her son, Russell, a half dozen plates. The evening was spent in playing games and having a good time in general until midnight when a bountiful lunch was served. The guests departed wishing her many happy returns of the event.

Dr. Chadwick Free.

The case against Dr. Leroy Chadwick of Cleveland, charging that he aided his wife, Cassie Chadwick in a forgery involving a $5,000,000 note, has been nolled in criminal court on account of insufficient evidence to hold him. Three untried cases of forgery against Mrs. Chadwick were crossed off the docket on account of her death. This practically clears from the slate all Chadwick cases in criminal court. It is said that Dr. Chadwick was at one time a resident of Smethport. He had no part in his late wife's financial transactions.

Pension Increases.

The following pension increases have recently been granted in this section of the 21st Congressional district, represented by Capt. C. F. Barclay:

Anthony Schauer, Bradford; Ephriam Moulson, Lewis Run; J. Adam Vera, Custer City; Milo White, Bradford; Emil Thamm, Smethport; Charles R. Stewart, Kane; Porter O. Buchanan, Sawyer City; J. C. Moultngo, Bradford; Michael McCaulley, Mt. Jewett; Otis O. Wolcott, Tuna Creek and John Bigler, Bradford.

Wanted at the Berney-Bond bottle factory, boys from 14 years of age up. Good chance for men with sons capable of working in the factory as fathers will also be employed. 45tf

I have some sidewalk lumber, also some 8x12 and 2-2 18 and 20 feet long for sale cheap. James Quirk.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills made. They do not grip. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Robbed a Freight Train.

When one of the Pennsylvania railroad's fast freights pulled out of Buffalo Monday night there rode on the bumpers unknown to the crew one of the neatest gangs of car burglars the railroad has met in a long time, says the Bradford Record.

By the time the big train had pulled through the black stretch of country between Buffalo and Olean the robbers had broken open six freight cars of high class merchandise and tossed a great amount of booty into the ditch. Then they left the train and collected the loot which was strewn along the right of way. Up to an early hour this morning the gang had not been caught and the railroad had its whole police force of this division out on the trail in addition to asking assistance from the Buffalo police.

The value of the haul cannot be estimated until the cars are brought back to the Buffalo freight house from which they started and the remaining contents are checked with the way bills.

Most of the loot was thrown out between Arcade and Olean, which shows that the robbers did most of their actual work in little more than an hour. They evidently left the train as it pulled into the Olean yards and went back to pick up the stolen stuff. They may have had pals stationed at given points to pick up the stuff or they may have had cars engaged to carry it off to a fence.

Congressman Barclay Popular.

Two weeks from next Monday, Capt. C. F. Barclay will take his seat at Washington, D. C., as the first congressman from Cameron county, and we all feel proud of our neighbor and proud of ourselves that we can present so able a man to represent the district. In fact, quite a number of our people feel so proud of the occasion that they are going along to Washington to see Congressman Barclay sworn into office on December 2nd.

We also should insist that Mr. Barclay allow us to present his name for re-election next spring, feeling sure that if he will allow us to do so the other counties of the district will join us in according him a unanimous nomination on the Republican ticket, and the people will elect him by a larger majority than before.

The strict attention given to the duties of the office have already made the genial Congressman more popular than ever before, in all parts of the district.—Emporium Press.

Mission at St. Elizabeth's Church.

A mission given by Father O'Keefe and Father Gorman will be held in St. Elizabeth's church, beginning at 10:30 Sunday, Dec. 1, and continuing through the week.

These men come to Smethport with no new doctrine, they will preach the same doctrine that has been preached from Catholic pulpits for nineteen hundred years. The teaching of Jesus Christ. Though it is old, it is ever new, and it has always appealed to the great minjority of Christians in every age. Fre. O'Keefe and Gorman are polished educated Christian gentlemen who have the spiritual welfare of everybody at heart, and while here will have but one object in view, "The Salvation of Souls." All are invited. Admission free.

Italians to Build Church.

Italian Catholics to the number of over one thousand residing in Bradford and vicinity will erect a church in that city where the services will be conducted in their native language. The edifice will be started as soon as a suitable location is secured. The Rev. Father Pettillo, who was sent here by Bishop Fitzmaurice, says the Bradford Star, to assist the church builders in their work has gone back to Erie. It is quite likely that when the church is built Father Pettillo will be its first pastor. He has been a citizen of this country for the past fourteen years, although an Italian by birth.

Black Hand Threats.

A Chicago dispatch of yesterday says: After the murder of Mariano Scardina by alleged members of the Italian Black Hand society, it was discovered to-day that threats had been made to kill Mayor Busse, Chief of Police Shippey and 50 other prominent citizens. "Over 50 citizens have informed me in the last three weeks that their lives had been threatened by some secret society," said the chief. "Threats have also been made against the mayor."

When the baby is cross and has you worried and worn out you will find that a little Cascasweet, the well known remedy for babies and children, will quiet the little ones in a short time. The ingredients are printed plainly on the bottle. Contains no opiates. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand-Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happenings in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

George M. Corwin died of consumption at his residence in this borough on Monday, August 15, 1887, a few moments after 2 o'clock in m., aged 35 years. For years past he has been troubled more or less with weak lungs, and for the past seven weeks he has been confined to his house, and most of the time to his bed, with the terrible disease which finally carried him off. Mr. Corwin was born on the farm adjoining this borough, in the Marvin Creek valley, now owned by Wm. Haskill. When he was quite young his father moved into the borough, and from that day to the day of his death he continued to reside here. Six years ago he was appointed one of the flagstaves of the courts, and has since served in that capacity. In 1882 he married Miss Oaks of Forrestville, N. Y., the result of that union being one child, which died soon after it was born. George Corwin was universally respected in this community, and a large circle of friends mourn with his devoted wife his early demise. The funeral was held at the residence on Wednesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the services being conducted by Rev. O. H. Mitchelmore.

It was with startling suddeness that the news of the death of DeEmma S., the beloved wife of E. S. McCarty, came to Smethport on Friday evening, Aug. 19, 1887. While it was known that she was a very sick woman, our people were hardly prepared for the sad intelligence wired to this place from Chautauqua on the above evening. On Tuesday, Aug. 9, 1887, Mrs. McCarty started for Chautauqua lake to visit her parents, who reside at that place, and for the purpose of gaining that rest the visit and trip would naturally afford. On the following Sunday, however, she was feeling so poorly that she was compelled to take to her bed. In a short time symptoms of inflammation of the brain and typhoid fever developed themselves, and on Wednesday her condition became such as to alarm her friends, and her husband was at once dispatched for. When he arrived at his wife's bedside he found her in an exceedingly critical condition, and at 6 o'clock p. m. Friday her spirit took its flight to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. She was conscious at intervals up to the last. A few minutes before the final dissolution took place she called her husband by name and told him she was going. The funeral which was largely attended by sympathizing relatives and friends, was held at Panama, N. Y., on Saturday afternoon, and the remains were laid at rest in the cemetery at that place. The deceased was born in Panama, N. Y., April 6, 1861, consequently she was in the 27th year of her age at the time of her death. While most acceptably filling the position as one of the teachers in our graded school she became acquainted with E. S. McCarty, one of our most highly respected young business men, and their friendship soon ripened into love, and on the 27th of July, 1886, at Chautauqua, N. Y., they were married. This union proved to be a most happy one. Of a somewhat retiring nature, she made fast friends on every hand, and we but utter the truth in saying that the gloom caused in this community by the going out of this beautiful life is widespread—as no one knew her but to love her, and now that her spirit has passed over the river her memory will be revered by all. She was an exemplary member of the Baptist church of this place, and proved by deed on many an occasion that she was a devout Christian, whose examples were worthy of emulation. The bereaved husband, parents, brothers and sister have the heartfelt sympathies of this entire community in their hour of deep affliction.

A large number of relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Burlingame gathered at their home on South street, Thursday evening, August 25, 1887, to celebrate the 26th anniversary of their marriage. The forepart of the evening was spent in talking over the changes that had occurred since the worthy couple first commenced the journey of life together. At 10 o'clock the bride and groom led the way to the dining room where a long table, fairly groaning under an ample collation, awaited them. After full justice had been done to the viands, the tables were cleared away, as if by magic, and under the charm of music rendered many forgot their dignity, to say nothing of their age and tripped the "light fantastic" as well as 25 years ago. The departing guests with one accord wished the host and hostess a long life, and that none might be missing at the golden anniversary. The presents were numerous and costly.

Saturday afternoon, Aug. 27, 1887, on the Hamlin Park grounds in this place, there was an interesting game of ball played between the Smethport and Colville nines. Ten innings were played at the end of which the score stood 13 to 14 in favor of Smethport. Our boys redeemed themselves in fine shape.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Good Common Sense.

If you have a kid growing up don't try to make a pet or "mamma's darling" of him. Let him mix it and come up with the bunch.

The other day a dozen or so youngsters were doing their gymnasium stunts on Ashby's corner and having seven kinds of jolly and rather dirty time. One 12-year-old stood back and watched the sport, and he was the butt for the jokes and contempt of almost every hearty youngster in the bunch.

You wouldn't have to be told that mamma didn't approve of these rude games. Johnnie was too delicate a child for the rough sport. He preferred reading and house games to the street rabble. Johnnie was brought up not to get any dirt on his knees nor soil his collar. He was taught to keep a safe distance from those street gamins, and if they attempted to molest him to run.

A spectator could only feel sorry for the good kid. Down in his heart there was a little bit of that natural boy roughness that mother had not quite cultivated out of him, and there was a little bit of boy pride that wanted him to mix it up with the others and make them quit calling "baby." But environment had got in its work, and the lack of sand and the fear of mamma's scolding had sapped the finger and made him a little wise old boy.

Teach the youngster to play his own game, for some day he will have to hit the sharp corners, and they will be all the sharper for the waiting. If he can't take care of himself among the boys of his own age when he is twelve years old, don't you by looking for him to write his name on any rolls of fame when he gets older—for there won't be any laying around that the wealthing can reach.

Let him rough it a little, scrap a little, dirty his clothes considerable, and some day you will shake hands with yourself.—Ex.

A Big Sawmill.

But now comes the elephant in Sheffield industries in the form of the only concrete sawmill in the United States. No other mill equals it in new and improved designs. It is being finished at present, will be running in ten days or two weeks. The walls are concrete from top to bottom. Hundreds of electric lights will be used in many ways. About $150,000.00 has been expended in making a mill that will be worth going miles to see when it gets in operation. The Central Pennsylvania Lumber Company estimates their timber holdings to be in quantity enough to run this great mill for the next 20 years. Think of the building material that will be billed from the village of Sheffield during the next 20 years. It will take big figures to count the value of the output.—Kane Republican.

Death of Charles F. Persons.

Charles F. Persons, formerly editor and proprietor of the Bradford Era and later one of the owners of the Olean Herald, died in Stamford, Conn., yesterday, says Wednesday's Era. He had for some time been a patient at a sanitarium there. Last winter he was obliged to give up his work as assistant general manager of the American Press Association and seek rest in a milder climate. He was born in Rushford, N. Y. about 50 years ago. He was placed in charge of the Bradford Era when a young man and later became proprietor of that paper. In 1879 he sold the Era to Longwell, Burns & Co. Mr. Persons was a man of splendid intellect and most excellent qualities. His death will be mourned by many friends.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, God in His divine providence has seen fit to remove from our midst Sister Nellie Palmer, who was a worthy member of Valley Grange, No. 1190. One whom all dearly loved, and who ever worked for the good, not only of our order, but of all mankind.

Be it resolved, that we bow in submission to His will, that our charter be draped for a period of thirty days, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved husband, and that they be printed in our county papers.

Sister Henrietta Stull,
Sister Sattie Cook,
Sister Lura Day.

The Postmaster of Gascenade, Mo., Daniel A. Bugh, says of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. "I am doing so well, and improving so fast in health that I cannot say too much for your Kidney and Bladder Pills. I feel like a new man." DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

H. F. HAZELTON CO.
For particulars write or call on H. E. Luxmoore, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Do you know that Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflamation and poison? It is antiseptic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. 25 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Financial Statement

of McKean County Teachers Institute.

RECEIPTS.

Balance from last year	$ 4 25	
Course Tickets:		
H. C. Wells	58.50	
F. A. McCoy	24.00	
L. K. Hogarth	19.50	
Burg Chadwick	19.00	
E. S. Bayle	7.50	
Box Office:		
Monday Evening	33.00	
Tuesday Evening	13.00	
Wednesday Evening	27.55	
Thursday Evening	138.25	
Friday Evening	16.50	
Teachers' enrollment fees	218.00	
From absent teachers	12.00	
Directors' Association	44.80	
Singing Books	13.80	
County Treasurer	200.00	
Total receipts	977.00	$977.00

EXPENDITURES.

Instructors	$351.08
Evenings entertainments	330.25
Lyceum	50.00
Hotel bills	37.78
Printing	24.25
Singing books	25.20
Piano	10.00
Secretary	9.44
Stenographer	6.00
Accompanist	5.00
Janitor	5.00
Sundries	33.15
Total expenditures	877.05 $877.05
Balance	99.55
Profits on Home and School Visitor	36.03
Total funds in hand	94.45 $94.45

BURDETTE S. HAYLE, County Supt.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 16, 1907:

Mrs. Jennie Ball, W. W. Ball, Mrs. Belle Brown, Miss Jessie Crawford (2), Maggie Drovilla, Miss Nellie Fuller, Mrs. E. J. Free, H. H. Lane, Mrs. Wm. Morgan, Paul Willis.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALBUT,
Postmaster.

Ladies, Attention.

Mrs. G. M. Kelley, representing Worthing & Alger Co., Hinsdale, Mich., Manufacturers of Ladies' Fur Coats and Ladies' and Children's Fur Neckwear, also Men's Fur and Fur-Lined Overcoats, will have on exhibition at store of D. C. Young, commencing on Monday next, the 25th inst., a full line of beautiful furs, in all the latest styles, at popular prices. Dyeing and repairing furs a specialty, at reasonable prices. Orders solicited and promptly executed.

There will be a full line of Men's Fur and Fur-Lined Overcoats exhibited.

D. C. YOUNG,
Smethport, Pa.

When the Stomach Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a make-shift. Get a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this trial test. Sold by all druggists.

There is nothing better for stomach troubles than Kodol, which contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Kodol is offered on a guaranteed plan for the relief of heart burn, flatulence, sour stomach, belching of gas, nausea, and all stomach troubles. So at times when you don't feel just right, when you are drowsy after meals, and your head aches or when you have no ambition, and you are cross and irritable, take a little Kodol. It digests what you eat. It will make you healthy. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, LaGrippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

Call at Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store and see the great assortment of elegant and artistic hats which she is showing for the fall and winter season. The establishment is up-to-the-instant in styles. Call and be suited. 46tf

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

I will receive a new stock of Hand Painted China on Saturday morning.

MOLLIE E. PIKNER.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Lost—Oct 20, gold watch and fob. Finder please leave at this office and receive reward.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rabin's store.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

John Smith, Clerk.

By Frank H. Sweet.

Copyright, 1907, by Frank H. Sweet.

ONCE there was a man. He was a clerk in a bank at $45 a month. His name was John Smith. At a directors' meeting one day after the discounts had been passed upon and the portly directors were laboriously getting up to go the president, who had the oldest and most expansive vest of any of them, stopped them. "By the way," he remarked, "I have a note from John Smith—one of our young men, you know; some of you know him, say I guess I have lost it. Anyhow, he wants his salary raised. Says the business of the bank is four times what it used to be and his work has increased accordingly. Says with the increase in the amount of money handled comes increased responsibility on his integrity. Seems to think he ought to be paid for not robbing us. Besides, he says he can scarcely keep his family on his salary. I suppose I can answer it without calling another board meeting," he concluded facetiously.

"Tell him he ought't to have such a big family," suggested one. "Quote the law against embezzlement to him," said another, and so on, as they buttoned their overcoats and went out about their businesses.

By and by John Smith got a note like this—signed by the president and written on the note paper of the bank, bearing the imposing array of directors' names in neat engraving at the head of it:

Mr John Smith:

Dear Sir—In answer to yours of even date I am instructed by the board of directors to say that they cannot agree with your view of the case. It is true that your work has largely increased with the growth of the bank under its present successful management, but it is no more than you are able to do and the salary we now pay you. The other phase of the matter your present—that we should pay you for the moral wear and tear incident to resisting temptation to steal as well as for the physical and mental work you do—has no weight.

Our relations, however pleasant personally, are purely a business affair on both sides. We pay you so much money for so much work. Your honesty is presumed. If you should prove dishonest, we would discharge you and the law would send you to prison.

With your family affairs we have nothing to do, but I may suggest to you that careful economy in small household expenditures will result in an annual saving which will perhaps surprise you.

Without referring especially to you—for I never endeavored to pry into your private affairs nor inquired how you lived—I may say that, in my opinion, the prevailing tendency of young people nowadays is to live too fast instead of being careful to lay up something for a rainy day. Yours truly, etc.

The directors hadn't been in session long the next day when John Smith, opened the door, fluttered in a slip of paper and walked back to his desk. There was silence for a minute, then a hilarious, then the clerks outside heard a clatter of paying shares in the board room. Then the door opened and two or three voices called "Smith!"

"Here, sir," answered Smith, cheerfully laying a blotter between the leaves of the book he had been writing in and carefully tucking the pen behind his ear as though he were making his toilet.

"What do you mean by this?" they demanded when he appeared in the directors' room—"telling us there is only $1,617.30 available cash and suggesting that we get some for the counter?"

"It's so," responded Smith, "and I thought you ought to know it before the business is all checked out. The bank oughtn't to have to close its doors in the middle of the day."

"But, according to your statement of yesterday and your showing of today's business, there ought to be $250,618. Where is the quarter of a million? We were just discussing an investment for it."

"I've invested it myself," responded Smith coolly. "In a safe place—$250,000 of it. The other 20 cents I took for street car money. I took a quarter of a million away with me last evening."

"You what?"

"I stole it, in plain English. When I got this response to my note to the president I—but really I must renew my suggestion about the advisability of getting some cash on the counter. You are very short, and you ought to attend to it at once."

Two of the directors drew their checks on other banks and sent them out, although the signatures were very shaky, and then, quite at his ease, Mr Smith leaned up against the carved mantelpiece, read the president's note refusing his request for an increase and wrote:

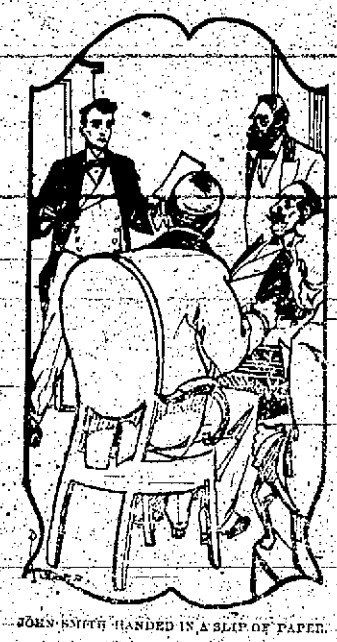
"When I got this note it set me to thinking whether, as our relations were a purely business affair, I couldn't do better than go on as I had been doing. There was $250,000 in convenient shape that I could get my hands on. I might have shipped to Canada with it, but I don't like the climate. I took the money away with me and concealed it"—pausing for a moment and smiling down in their eager faces—"in a place known only to

"ON THE WHOLE, I THINK I HAVE MADE A GOOD SPECULATION."

myself. I shall give myself up, and as our relations, in the language of the president, have been personally pleasant, I will save you the expense of a trial by pleading guilty. The maximum sentence for my offense under the laws of the state is ten years in the penitentiary. With the commutation off for good behavior I will be about eight and a half years. It will be dull, but I shall not be idle. I have never had leisure to cultivate the graces of the mind. I have a taste for music. I will cultivate it. I will learn a modern language or two. When I have served my term and am clear of the law I will come out of prison thirty-nine years old, with a cultivated mind and a comfortable fortune of $250,000 awaiting me. I can afford to go away, to travel in foreign countries and enjoy life. Of course I lose the interest on my $250,000 while I am in prison, but if I were to live on air and go naked and save all my salary I wouldn't have one-fiftieth as much at the age of thirty-nine. On the whole I think I have made a good speculation. Don't you?"

The opinions of the directors were not very coherent just at this moment. They made various appeals to him, on the confidence they had had in him, on the good name he bore, on the wisdom he would show, etc., but he responded that all these had not helped him to an increase in salary and relentlessly quoted the language of the president's note to him that "their relations were purely a business affair on both sides." Finally he said:

"Our relations have been personally pleasant, and I have no unconquerable desire to spend the next eight and a half years in jail. I will make you a proposition. If you will sign a bond not to prosecute me and publish in the daily papers a set of resolutions setting forth that, whereas your valued and trusted employee, John Smith, by the receipt of a legacy from a deceased relative has been relieved of the necessity of further service, resolved, that you part with him with extreme regret, etc.—if you do this I will bring back $125,000 and content myself with the other $125,000. The interest will make up a good part of the loss to me."



JOHN SMITH HANDED IN A SLIP OF PAPER.

It was hard to give up $125,000 and hitch it to a set of resolutions complimenting the chief, but it was a choice between getting half the loaf or nothing. Was the satisfaction of sending him to prison for eight and a half years worth $15,000 a year to them? They figured on it and agreed that it wasn't.

They accepted his proposition, drew up the bond and signed it.

"You can get the resolutions in shape by tomorrow," he said, "and have them ready when I bring the money. It would scarcely be delicate for me to be present when they are adopted."

"Couldn't you bring it today, Mr. Smith?" asked the president, in a perspiration.

"No. I haven't time to go after it. The work at my desk always keeps me busy until the hour for closing the bank. You will have to trust me till tomorrow, and as by signing the bond you have committed yourselves to the compounding of a felony I guess I can trust you—even as a purely business affair."

They were all on hand early next day. Smith, the cashier said (not without some surprise at hearing the president inquire for him as "Mr." Smith), had gone out to get his lunch.

He was asked for half a dozen times before he came. Every few minutes the door of the directors' room would open, a perspiring face would be thrust out, and Smith would be inquired for. Then the face would be withdrawn, and the directors would fall to discussing whether, after all, Smith hadn't taken their bond and given them the slip. At the stroke of 12 the door opened and Smith walked in. He picked up the resolutions, read them with approval, and, with a "Thank you, gentlemen; this is handsome," he handed a package to the president, saying:

"Here's your money."

Then he took his former stand by the mantelpiece and watched their eager faces while they bent over to count it. A hundred crisp $1,000 bills, then $25,000, some of it in small denominations; $50,000 more yet, and then, to their amazement, another hundred $1,000 bills.

"Why, it's all here. You've brought it all back."

"I never meant to steal it," said Mr. Smith coolly. "I made you believe I did merely to convince you that you were conducting your bank on the wrong principle in keeping a man on a starvation salary with a fortune within his grasp. I wanted to make you understand that there is something more in the relations between a bank and its trusted employees than cold business. I suppose you have no further use for me. I am ready to turn over my books as soon as you name my successor. He will find them all right. Good day."

He walked back to his desk. Pretty soon they called him in again, and the president made a little speech. He said the lesson had been an unpleasant one, but they were disposed to take it in the spirit in which it was given. Perhaps he was right.

They had no desire to punish him, but—here he hesitated and stammered a little—they were also unwilling that is to say, they had no desire—to keep a financier of his capacity in the humble place in which he had hitherto been employed. Therefore one of their number, Mr. Wilkins, who was the agent of an insurance company at a salary of $4,000 a year, had decided to resign that position and would have Mr. Smith appointed his successor.

They had thought to keep the whole matter a profound secret. It was not a good thing for the public to know—that is, not good for the bank and its officials, nor perhaps for John Smith.

But there were too many in the ring, and after the first dazed feeling of consternation and resentment had passed the humor of the situation grew more apparent. Some of the directors had intimate friends, some of them even, confided business matters to their wives. The president himself under a ban of strict secrecy related the story to a fellow clubman who was president of another bank.

Rumors of it began to float out to the public—not the whole story, but enough of it to intimate that a man of extraordinary business capacity had been employed in the bank, so extraordinary that even the president had recognized it and helped him to a position offering greater opportunities.

In time some of the rumors crossed into another city and found the ear of

WATCHED THEIR FACES WHILE THEY COUNTED IT.

the insurance president. He looked over a few late entries in the company's books and found that John Smith was doing remarkable work for them.

Now, extraordinary men are scarce in all kinds of business, so much so that the insurance president soon went down and personally interviewed his agent. He found him a quiet, self possessed man of good business capacity, but not showing evidence of anything unusual. But the power was there. The president knew that from the business being done, and, besides, there were rumors in the air. Coming from such sources, they stood for a good deal. What he did not know was that these same mysterious rumors were almost wholly responsible for the ex-bank clerk's sudden popularity and patronage. Given a clear mind to grasp things, after all, it is often opportunity that does all the rest. When the insurance president left John Smith had been advanced to a far more responsible position, with a corresponding increase in salary. After that his rise was rapid.

Two years later the bank president resigned, and the directors came together to elect his successor. Oddly enough, their thoughts went almost unanimously to their former clerk. His honesty had been tried, and his business foresight was a matter of common talk on the street. They offered him the position, and he accepted.

Taken at His Word.

Master Walter, aged five, had eaten the soft portions of his toast at breakfast and piled the crusts on his plate.

"When I was a little boy," remarked his father, who sat opposite him, "I always ate the crusts of my toast."

"Did you like them?" inquired his offspring cheerfully.

"Yes," replied the parent.

"You may have these," said Master Walter, pushing his plate across the table.—Harper's Weekly.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation even to very young babes. The wholesome green and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensative bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all druggists.

The Scrap Book

Retired at Ten.

He (after an elopement from a rural summer resort)—My dear, you told me the night I proposed that your father had retired from business, but I now learn he is a peanut vender.

She—No, I didn't do anything of the sort. You remarked about half past 10 o'clock at night that you supposed my father was in the city immersed in business, and I said he had retired. He always goes to bed at 10.

MY CREED.

Whoever was begotten by pure love
And came desired and welcome into life
Is of immaculate conception.
He whose heart is full of tenderness and truth
Who loves mankind more than he loves himself
Is the Christ.
And almost any room in his heart for Satan.
May be another Christ. We all may be
The saviors of the world if we believe
In the divinity which dwells within us
And worship it and wall our grosser selves,
Our tempers, greeds and our unworthy aims
Upon the cross. Who gives the love to all,
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns
And lends new courage to each fainting heart
And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,
He, too, is a redeemer and of God.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

She Had Him That Time.

It was the same old story of a man who refused to tell his wife the outcome of a "business transaction" in which naturally she took a deep interest.

"No," he sneered, "I won't tell you. If I did you'd repeat it. You women can never keep a secret."

"John," said the woman quietly, "have I ever told the secret about the solitaire engagement ring you gave me eighteen years ago being paste?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Polite Planter.

"I was stopping with a Mississippi planter for a few days," said the colonel, "and one afternoon I fell asleep in a hammock on the veranda. I had slept for more than an hour when I heard the step of the planter and a minute later he stood over me and said:

"'Kurnel, would yo' oblige me by waking up?'

"'Certainly,' I replied as I roused up.

"'And now, would you oblige me by walking around to the rear of the house?'

"He walked with me, and I noticed that the sky was growing dark, and that there was a peculiar looking cloud in the southwest. In the rear of the house was what I took for an outdoor collar, but when we reached it the planter pointed and said:

"'And now if yo' will kindly carry our cyclone proof collar I shall esteem it a great favor.'

"I entered to find all the family there and two minutes later a cyclone came whirling along, uprooted the house and tore up several trees two years old. I always wondered why the planter didn't yell at the and swear, but his way was the gentle and courteous way."

Why the Plaster Didn't Stick.

For the first time in his life Barney O'Allagh felt very ill, and the doctor had sent a porous plaster to ease the pain in his back.

"Well, Dadily," said the doctor next day; "did the plaster do you any good?"

"Oi can't say that it has helped me much up to now, but you know Oi only took it last night."

"Took it? What do you mean?"

"Mane? Of mane that Oi chewed and chewed for half an hour on the ould thing, and then Oi had to send it down hull. Seems to me if they'd bile the plasters a little more and not put so much pepper in they'd be easier to chew up and wouldn't scorch a body's insoide so."

What Papa Said.

His teacher was having a hard time explaining the geography lesson.

"Tommy, you can learn this if you make up your mind; it's not one bit smart to appear dull. I know that you are just as bright as any boy in the class. Remember, Tommy, where there's a will there's"—

"Aw," broke in Tommy, "I know all dat, I do. Me fadder's a lawyer, an' I've heard him say it lots o' times."

"You should not have interrupted me, but I am glad that your father has taught you the old adage. Can you repeat it to me?"

"Sure. Me fadder says dat where der's a will der's always a bunch o' poor relations."—Lippincott's.

Didn't Charge Them a Cent.

The ninth chapter of Matthew was under consideration by a class of boys, the chapter being read verse by verse and then questions asked by the teacher on the passages read. The account of the raising of Jairus' daughter concludes the chapter, and the last verse of the narrative is as follows: "And he charged them straitly that no man should know it; and, commanded that something should be given her to eat." The teacher asked in connection with this verse, "What did Christ command?" "That something should be given them to eat," was the immediate reply. "What did Christ charge them?" was the next question, when a brilliant youth exclaimed, "He didn't chagge them a cent!"

The Butler Broke the News Gently.

On his return from an extended trip abroad an English squire was met at the steamship wharf by his old and trusted butler. Thinking it strange that the old man should have come to meet him, the squire asked if there was bad news.

"Yes, sir," replied the butler; "very bad news. The old mangle is dead, sir."

"What did the fool die of?"

"Too much horseflesh, sir."

"Too much horseflesh, John! Where did it get it?"

"The carriage horses, sir."

"What! Are they dead too?"

"Yes, sir. Died from overexertion drawing water the night of the fire."

"What fire?"

"The mansion, sir."

"You don't mean to say that the mansion is burned, John?"

"Yes, sir; it burned the night of the funeral, sir."

"Whose funeral?"

"Your poor mother's, sir."

"What, mother dead too?"

"Yes, sir; she never held her head up after your poor father died?"

"Great heaven! Father dead! I never heard a word of any of these misfortunes. What was the cause of my father's death?"

"Well, sir, it was this way. He received a telegram telling him that the ship had gone down that had the whole of his fortune on board, and the shock of it killed him."

"John, I am entirely ruined!"

"That you are, sir."

As He Understood It.

Little Johnny was hustled off to church Sunday morning with the admonition that if he could not remember the text he couldn't go out that afternoon. At the dinner table he was asked the text of the sermon and said: "Don't be afraid; you'll get the quilt."

The mother laughingly replied: "You must be mistaken, Johnny." But he was sure he was right. During the week the pastor called, when it was learned that the text was, "Fear not; the comforter will come."—Chicago Tribune.

Slightly Mixed.

A Kansas man and his family had gathered around the supper table, and all heads were bowed for him to ask a blessing when the telephone bell rang. The man answered it and, coming back to the table, again bowed his head, but again the telephone rang. He answered that call, then for the third time bowed himself and bowing his head, said, "Hello!"—Lippincott's.

A Cheerful Giver.

Bobby's father had given him a ten cent piece and a quarter, telling him he might put one or the other on the contribution plate on Easter Sunday.

"Which did you give, Bobby?" his father asked when the boy came home from church.

"Well, father, I thought at first I ought to put in the quarter, but then just in time I remembered, 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' and I knew I could give the ten cent piece a great deal more cheerfully, so I put that in."

Testing His Competency.

A husky Irishman strolled into the civil service room where they hold physical examinations for candidates for the police force.

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it," said the doctor.

The Irishman undressed. The doctor measured his chest and "pounded" his back.

"Hop over this rod," was the next command.

The man did his best, limbering on his back.

"Double up your knees, and touch the door with your hands."

He lost his balance and sprawled up on the door. He was indignant, but silent.

"Now run around the room ten times. I want to test your heart and wind."

"I'll not," the candidate declared defiantly. "I'll stay single."

"Single?" inquired the doctor, puzzled.

"Single," repeated the Irishman, with determination. "Sure an' what's all this funny business got to do wid a marriage license, anyhow?"

He had strayed into the wrong bureau.—Everybody's.

Awful Veracity.

Some Scotchmen were dining, and after the toasts each contributed something to the entertainment. Dr. MacDonald was pressed to sing, but protested that he could not. "My voice is altogether unmusical," he explained. "I never sing." The company thought the doctor was modest and insisted. "Very well," he said at last. Long before he had finished his audience was uneasy. There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down. Broken at length by the voice of a Scot at the end of the table. "Man," he exclaimed, "your singing pit up to a', but your veracity's just awfu'."

Was No Sketch.

A literary group were having a discussion as to who was the greatest inventor. Some said Edison, some Watt, some Morse, some one and some another. Finally a pawnbroker got in a word and said:

"Vell, chentlemens, dose vas grate peoples, but I tells you dot man vot invented interest vas no slouch."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Demoralized, but Not Scattered.

A soldier of Bates' division of the Confederate army, after the command had run two days from Nashville, had thrown away his gun and accouterments and, alone in the woods, sat down and commenced thinking—the first chance he had for such a thing.

Rolling up his sleeves and looking at his legs and general physique, he thus gave vent to his feelings: "I am whipped, badly whipped, and somewhat demoralized, but no man can say I am scattered."

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 3[illegible], 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The county jail now contains nine prisoners.

—Fry & Comes have a new advertisement to-day.

—Hose Company's supper and dance tomorrow night.

—Subscribe now. $1.00 in advance pays for the MINER one year.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Digel of Water street on Sunday, a boy.

—Don't forget the supper at the Parish House on Wednesday, December 4.

—Civil courtsws held Monday in order to finish up the business of the term.

—Condersport is tickled over the fact that three marriages occurred in that town one day last week.

—This is overcoat season. Read H. W. Rubin's new advertisement in another column and profit thereby.

—The Junior Auxiliary of St. Luke's will hold their annual fair and supper on Wednesday, December 4th.

—A Thanksgiving dance will be given at the Lyceum next Thursday evening, and all are invited to attend. Tickets, $1.00.

—The Taylor dwelling house on East Main street, one of the old landmarks of the town, is being repaired and improved.

—W. H. Shreck of Bingham and Carris Carbaugh of Roulette were united in marriage at Limestone, N. Y., on Thursday evening, the Rev. E. N. Lacey officiating.

—Carmen Pecchio and Miss Rusarin Roberto were united in marriage Sunday, Nov. 10th, at 10:30 a. m., at St. Edmund's Catholic church, Hazelhurst, Rev. P. J. Blake, officiating.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Just at present Sam Powell, formerly of Smethport has a corner on the theatorium business in Ridgway. There are two other similar amusements houses but both are out of business temporarily from various causes.

—The dance given by a club of young people at the Lyceum last Thursday evening was attended by about 30 couples. Delicious refreshments were served on the stage by the ladies of the party and everybody had a good time. Chadwick's orchestra furnished the music.

—Many were prompt in responding to the subscription bills recently sent out from this office. Keep up the good work and add one dollar to the bill for a year in advance.

—The Smethport basket ball team is getting into shape to be trimmed by Elldred.—Eagle. Raw, Raw, Riwd Yow, Yow, Yow! Eat 'em up! Eat 'em up! Skin 'em alive! Smethport.

—The Lindholm Co., has a big advertisement to-day setting forth the merits of the Printzess coats and it also contains other information of especial interest to ladies. Do not fail to read it.

—At her pleasant home on North Main street, Miss Alice Perrigo entertained last Friday night in honor of Miss Ruth Oviatt and Miss Alberta Cory of Smethport, Pennsylvania.—Lake Mills, Wis., Leader.

—A Harrisburg dispatch says that the higher cost of living, especially butter, according to Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust, has caused the oleomargarine business to increase, and over 100 more licenses have been issued than ever known before.

—Harry Knight of the Novelty cafe bought the two bear cubs from Al. Russel and after they are in good condition the restaurant patrons will be favored with some toothsome bear steak and the skins will be mounted as umbrella stands and ornaments for the Novelty.—Emporium Independent.

—The Delineator has commenced a Child Rescue Campaign and whenever that great publication starts a movement favorable results are sure to follow. There are many children without homes and many homes without children. The campaign is for the purpose bringing them together.

—The stable and automobile house which C. D. Comes is having constructed on his West King street property is nearing completion and is an attractive appearing structure. Concrete blocks which were made on the premises, are used for the building material and the result will undoubtedly encourage others to construct similar buildings.

—J. W. Russell of the Russell Snow Plow Company at Ridgway, has left Boston, Mass., for St. Petersburg to show the Russian government how to buck the mountainous snow drifts along the trans-Siberian railroad, says a recent report. Russell, who is known as the "Snow Plow King of the World," will receive a salary from the Russian government high in the thousands. He introduced the rotary plow to the railroads of the West.

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heartburn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from "biliousness," torpid liver with indigestion, constipation. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at its formula will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of the following native American forest plants, viz., Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Queen's root, Bloodroot, and Mandrake root.

The following leading medical authorities, among a host of others, extol the foregoing roots for the cure of just such ailments as the above symptoms indicate: Prof. S. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Med. College, Phila.; Prof. R. C. Wood, M. D., of Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., Author of American Dispensatory; Prof. Jno. M. Scudder, M. D., Author of Specific Medicines; Prof. Laurence Johnson, M. D., Med. Dept. Univ. of N. Y.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., Author of Materia Medica and Prof. in Bennett Med. College, Chicago. Send name and address on Postal Card to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive free booklet giving extracts from writings of all the above medical authors and many others endorsing, in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient of which "Golden Medical Discovery" is composed.

"Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. They may be used in conjunction with "Golden Medical Discovery" if bowels are much constipated. They're tiny and sugar-coated.

—The clothespin factory at Kushequa has been permanently closed. The exhaustion of the available supply of raw material is given as the reason.

—It's getting along toward Christmas time. Remember that a year's subscription to the MINER will be a welcome gift to absent relatives and friends. It will cost you only one dollar.

—Do not fail to attend the supper and dance to be given by the Smethport Hose company at the hose house to-morrow night. Supper tickets 35 cents each. Dance tickets 10 cents each. Everybody invited to attend and have a good time. Supper starts at 5:30 p. m.

—According to reports from Port Allegany there is not much doing there at present in the industrial line, and as a result a meeting of citizens was recently held for the purpose of devising ways and means for bettering this condition of affairs. A strong effort will be made to induce new industries to locate in that town.

—Charles Hultman, an engineer employed on the Pennsylvania railroad at Kane, was instantly killed near that town Thursday night. He was on his way to Sheffield on a pusher engine, when for some unexplained reason the locomotive jumped the track and turned bottom up. The unfortunate man was buried underneath the ponderous machine. He leaves a widow and four children.

—A Galeton dispatch in the Bradford Era says: A man registered at the Hotel Imperial as M. Hunter, was found dead in his room at the hotel Friday morning. It is said that he was a telegraph operator and had been employed by the B. & S. at various points along their line. Hunter came to Galeton two or three days ago, considerably under the influence of liquor. He continued his drinking here.

—Peter Monego of Lewis Run is missing. The loss of Peter is sincerely regretted by the community in which he resided not so much on account of his personal popularity as the fact that he did not pay certain laborers their wages and diverse other bills. It is reported that he has also failed to account for money left in his care and that criminal proceedings may be instituted as a consequence. It is believed that Peter is on his way to Italy.

—Last Thursday afternoon the peanut roaster in front of C. B. Dickenson's store on Main street exploded with an alarming report, whereupon great excitement prevailed, as they would say in Erudition. The stock of peanuts and popcorn was scattered promiscuously about that part of the town and two innocent bystanders were painfully scalded by steam and hot water. The stoppage of a water pipe is said to have caused the disaster.

—Smethport is prosperous at present. Nearly every industry is running full time and prospects are for some of them to grow bigger and better. There are lots of new people in town and Saturday night's Main street crowd was a big one. The town is certainly lively at present and this condition of affairs should be made permanent. Let one and all do what they can to boost the best little old town in the country and things will continue to come Smethport's way.

—Miss Esther Frost of Smethport and Mr. Leon Valentine of Port Allegany were married in Olean Saturday last by the Rev. Mr. Leidlester of the First M. E. church. The bride is a popular young lady, well known to patrons of the Bell telephone, as she was formerly a skillful and accommodating "hello girl." The groom is also very popular with his friends and the MINER joins with everyone in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Valentine their full share of happiness.

—The Bradford Typographical union gave a banquet at the St. James hotel in that city last Saturday evening, to members and invited guests. It was an enjoyable occasion according to newspaper accounts and it is noticed that Messrs. E. H. Chase, A. M. Thamm and W. L. Stark figured prominently upon the program. Those three gentlemen are former Smethport residents, first-class printers and all around good fellows as the MINER can truthfully testify.

A Sensitive Monkey.

The most pathetic of all monkey stories is one which Grant-Duff has somewhere recorded. The Dublin zoo had a famous ape whose delight was the friendship of the principal of the establishment. He never passed the cage without a handshake and a friendly chat until once a member of the royal family went visiting. That day the principal, too engrossed with the duties of showing the august guest round the place, overlooked his poor relation. The ape grieved and sulked and when he went again to its cage turned savagely from him. The human friend was sent absolutely to Coventry by his humble admirer. And straightway the health of the sulking, sorrowing animal began to decline. It fell a victim to consumption. When the end was obviously at hand the principal went to look. The ape seemed to brighten up at his approach. It crept feebly to the front of its cage, thrust out its hand for a grasp of reconciliation and forgiveness, then lay down and died.—St. James' Gazette.

Got His Answer.

"I suppose it's always hog killing time in your town, Miss Packer," sneered the New Yorker.

"Oh, yes," replied the fair visitor from Chicago, "but don't let that keep you from visiting us. We always protect our guests."—Philadelphia Press.

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dados Little Liver Pills act on the liver; and headache, consumption and biliousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Color Gossip.

Have human beings, like animals, a tendency to clothe themselves in colors that reproduce the prevailing tone of their surroundings? There is another question for scientists who have discovered that different colors produce differing effects on the health and disposition of individuals. At all events color conventions in different parts of the world are decidedly at a variance. For example, while we use black in mourning the Chinese wear white gowns, white caps, white shoes and white ties on their cues. The royal color in Europe is purple—a hue of red, not of violet, as often misrepresented. In China the imperial color is yellow, and a certain shade of yellow may not be worn by the common people, but is conferred upon high officials as a great distinction.

Some individual color preferences are historical. Cleopatra loved yellow; Marie de Pompadour delighted in a charming mixture of pink and blue; Napoleon's first empress, Josephine, wore the dazing combination of black, white and emerald green, while Eugene Field loudly declares that—

Any color is heavenly if it's red,
Is good enough for me.

—Woman's Home Companion.

Bargain Sales in Japan.

Even in placid Japan they have bargain sales. [illegible] the conduct them on very different principles from the sensational ones we have over here. An amusing experience of a woman has embodied her experiences of traveling alone in Japan in a most entertaining volume just published, whence may be gathered a description of a sale at the greatest trading house in Japan.

The goods are not flung about. They are shown to advantage in locked cases, and the heads of departments keep the keys. Remnants, however, are laid on mats, and though there is keen anxiety to secure bargains, perfect order and quiet prevail.

Babies toddle about quite comfortably, others sleep, on their mothers' backs. However orderly and quiet though the Japanese bargain, said may be, it is not free from the shoplifter, and it is interesting to hear that the detective is as necessary in the drapery premises in England. The kimono sleeve is a useful receptacle for unconsidered trifles.—London Ladies' Pictorial.

Giving Her a Chance.

Mrs. Wilcox had said often and often that if anything went wrong with her husband's eyes she would go to New York and consult a specialist. Wilcox had not been feeling well for some time, and one day he found that he was unable to read the fine print in the paper. He said not a word about it to his wife, but he did think that perhaps it would be just as well to go to New York and consult a specialist. He was getting on in years, and he knew that he could not be too careful. He thought that he would not be able to read when he heard her voice behind him.

"I don't see why you don't go to New York and consult a specialist about your eyes," she was saying. "You know that you have been complaining for some time that you could not read the fine print in the paper, and I think you ought to go at once. I'm going to be on the safe side, and should say if you are Henry you'd better get out of the way!"—Youth's Companion.

Importance of the Engineer.

One fact is certain, that in the future the engineer using the term in its widest sense, will become increasingly more and more essential to the social progress of the universe, and that on his labors and ingenuity more than on that of any other class of society will depend the ultimate physical well being of mankind.—Cassier's Magazine.

GROOMING COUNTS

But it cannot make a Fair Skin or a Glossy Coat.

Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition.

Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Currying, brushing and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.

Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skins as painters love to copy.

The Wrong Goldsmith.

"A friend of mine," said a platform orator, "was once a good deal annoyed while addressing a meeting by a man in the front row who howled like a dog. At every telling point in my friend's argument this man would emit frightful bowls and spoil the effect.

"My friend asked the name of the man and was told that it was Harry Loff. Then he said in a loud voice:

"'Ha, Loff, it is plain that our friend Goldsmith had you in mind when he said:

"'The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud Loff that spoke the vacant mind.'

"'He said that, did he?' cried Loff furiously, and he turned and struck a little fat man behind him a hard blow over the head.

"It was only after a five minutes' scrimmage and much profane abuse that Mr. Loff was convinced that the Goldsmith referred to was the long dead poet and not the little fat man of the same name."

Pat's Drama.

A physician not long ago was called to see an Irishman and among other directions told him to take an ounce of whisky three times a day. A day or so after he made another visit and found the man, while not so sick, undeniably drunk.

"How did this happen?" the physician demanded of Pat's wife, who was hovering about solicitously.

"Shure, docther, an' 'tis just what you ordered, an' no more that he had," she protested.

"I said one ounce of whisky three times a day. That could not make him drunk," the physician said. "He has had much more than that."

"Niver a drop more, docther, dear," she declared. "Sure, an' Oi didn't know just how much an ounce was, so Oi wint to the dhrug store an' asked, an' the lid—he's a broth of a boy, too—told me that an ounce was sixteen dhrams, an' Pat has had thim regular an' no more."—London Tit-Bits.

Saved the Price.

Here is a complete sentence in eight words. Can you read it?

Stand
I
Took
You
To
Throw
Tabbies
My.

A prize of $10 will be awarded to the first reader sending in a correct reading of the foregoing sentence.

P. S.—Upon second thought we will answer this ourselves and save the $10 to buy ham and eggs with. Here it is: I understand you undertook to overthrow my "undertakings."—Pittsburg Press.

You can't be well if you have a weak, unhealthy, tired out stomach. Neither can you feel good if by some little indiscretion in eating you have caused the stomach to get out of order. These little stomach troubles are signs of indigestion, which may and very often does turn into a very bad case of dyspepsia. Don't allow this to go on a single day without doing something to overcome it. Take some good reliable and safe digestant like Kodol for Dyspepsia. Kodol is the best remedy known today for heart burn, belching and all troubles arising from a disordered digestion. It is pleasant to take and affords relief promptly. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

L. K. Hogarth

Dealer in Drugs and Medicines.

Opposite Grange National Bank.

Rubber Goods, Toilet Articles, Stationery, &c.

Candy and Ice Cream at all times in the new department.

Ice Cream, Fancy or in Bricks, at your order.

Cigars from 3 for 5 to 20c each.

L. K. HOGARTH,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Grange Bank SMETHPORT

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. We use a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Weakness, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Rarely, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in fact, actually diseased. It is almost always a fiddle string that really is all at fault, is obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve simply needs, and must have, more power, more vitality, more controlling force, greater strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have the same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much to weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, suffocating Heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this particular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds, strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help. If you would have strong Hearts, strong Action, strengthen those Nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by J. Hill Nesmith, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc.

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Lane's MAIN ST.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

BURDICK & SARTWELL PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to,

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

The Kinzua County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms—$1.00 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 21, 1907.

ESPERANTO, the universal language, is certainly beginning to be taken into serious consideration by educational circles throughout the United States. An Esperanto class for Smethport should meet with the approval of all.

IN spite of the fact that numerous booms have been launched for various Presidential candidates—some of them, unworthy and deserving of that high honor, for the average voter there is "nothing else but Teddy."

THE head of the government printing office at Washington has made a rule whereby the employes must stop using familiar addresses and call one another "Mr.," "Mrs." or "Miss" before the surname as the case may be. The "Hello, Bill!" and "Ali, there, Susie!" style of salutation will after this go permanently out of commission.—Johnsonburg Breeze. "Gee, wouldn't that come and get you," is our cub's comment on the ruling.

THE Mano Bianco—White Hand—is an organization recently formed by prominent Italians of Chicago, the object of which is to put the Mano Nera—Black Hand—society out of business. A fund will be raised to carry on a systematic fight against the blackmailing organization and the police and detectives will aid the agents of the new society in its good work. One of the first aims of the White Hand society will be to see that fugitives from Italian justice are returned to their own country to serve prison sentences.

DID you ever sit behind folks at a high-class entertainment who were unable to understand or appreciate what was going on? All during the performance they kept up a constant chatter and murmur, carrying on a foolish conversation. Did you ever have this experience? Perhaps you have not, but those who have, know that it is the most trying thing one has to endure. Actions of this kind show a lack of proper breeding and those given to it should either keep quiet or leave the building. Most any amusement promoter or lecture association would be glad to refund such persons their money.—Warren Mirror.

THE Pennsylvania Society in the City of New York is making arrangements for a notable banquet to be given to Governor Edwin S. Stuart of Pennsylvania at which Governor Hughes of New York will be the chief guest of honor, together with many other distinguished men from Pennsylvania and New York. The dinner will be given on December 12th, and will be the ninth annual dinner of the Society. It will be held in the Grand Ball Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, where the whole of the first floor will be required for the dinner and the guests of the Society. Like the Society's banquets in former years the forthcoming one promises to be one of the foremost dinners given in New York during the coming season.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1907,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property.

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate upon subdivision No. 182, of Warrant No. 2859, in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, better known and designated upon a plan of said subdivision made August 25th, 1902, by Benjamin N. Powell as lot No. THIRTY-ONE, said lot number thirty-one being situated directly in the rear of lot No. 11, same plan and separated from it by an alley way ten feet wide (which alley way is always to be kept open as a public thoroughfare); said lot No. 31 extending westwardly two hundred feet to Tuna State avenue, fronting one hundred feet on said Tuna State avenue, and containing twenty thousand square feet of land more or less.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame building for store and dwelling purposes combined. And one, one and a half story frame carriage house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Felix Perry, at the suit of H. E. Shaffer for use of M. and L. Schriever.

H. E. Shaffer, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Beginning at an iron post on the west side of High street, twenty-five (25) feet, north of the northeast corner of lot owned by Harry Campbell, and being the northeast corner of lot sold by Miss A. Adams to Elizabeth Conlin and running thence westerly at right angles to High street, and along said Conlin lot eighty-one and two-tenths (81.2) feet. Thence northerly along the line of Spencer Franklin ten and one-tenth (10.1) feet. Thence still northerly along the land of said Franklin fourteen and nine-tenths (14.9) feet to an iron post in the northwest corner of lot No. 33. Thence easterly seventy six and eighty-five-hundredths (76.85) feet to the west side of High street. Thence southerly along the west side of High street twenty-five (25) feet to the place of beginning. Being the same land conveyed to Geo. W. Huntington by James B. Johnson by deed dated July 23rd, 1902, and duly recorded and being also the same land conveyed to Rocco Cominiti by George W. Huntington and wife by deed dated August 5, 1902, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 121, page 144, &c.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame building used as a store and dwelling. Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Rocco Cominiti at the suit of the Bradford Building Loan and Saving Association of Bradford, Pa., a corporation.

C. E. Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, Bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on the west line of High street seven hundred and seventy-five and eight-tenths feet southerly from the point of intersection of the said west line of High street and the south line of Elm street, said post being in the southeast corner of lot sold by L. N. Newell et al to Peter Haley, thence southerly along the west line of said High street, thirty-seven and fifty one hundredths feet to a post, thence westerly by a line running at right angles with said High street, one hundred feet to a post, thence northerly by a line running parallel with said High street, thirty-seven 50-100 feet to a post, thence easterly by a line running at right angles with said High street one hundred feet to the place of beginning. Being same land transferred to Catherine Haggerty by W. Newell et al dated 1st September, A. D. 1891, and recorded in Recorder's office in McKean county in Deed Book No. 84, page 417, &c.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame dwelling house with an ell attached.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mary A. Dougan et al at the suit of W. H. Duncan, Assignee of Florence H. Kane, who was assignee of Mrs. M. E. Barber.

Brown & Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Westmore, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, being Warrant No. 4500, subdivision 340, containing sixty-three acres more or less. Excepting and reserving all the oil and gas. And being same land contracted to be sold by John Van Kirk to L. W. Deming by Agreement dated April 14th, 1906.

Partly improved and having thereon one Barn and a few fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of L. W. Deming at the suit of John Van Kirk.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

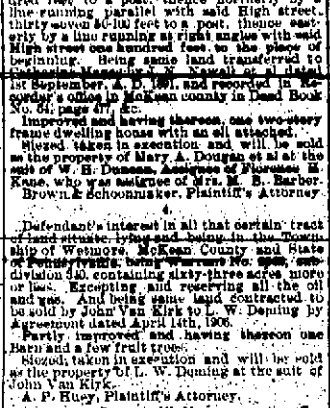
Smethport, Pa., November 20, 1907.

A Dollar Bill Buys $2.70 Worth of SANITOL

Take advantage of the Great Introductory Offer of the

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company

Let us tell you how you can buy ten of these wonderful toilet preparations for $1.00, regular retail price, $2.70.



McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The flame from Family Favorite is steady, white and without soot. Does not char the wick and burns to the last drop without wick adjustment.

Family Favorite Oil

Made from genuine Pennsylvania Crude Oil by a triple refining process, carefully, absolutely uniform.

Don't try to get better oil—it doesn't exist.

ASK YOUR DEALER.

Waverly Oil Work

INDEPENDENT REFINERS
Oil for All Purposes
PITTSBURG, PA.
BOOKLET SENT FREE

Olean's Big Department Store.

A Tribute to King Turkey.

"His Succulency"---King Turkey, so tempting, tender and spicy, is about to ascend his throne---the festive Thanksgiving board. Prepare to do him homage. Provide fresh, snowy, immaculate Table Cloths, Napkins, Tray Cloths, Doilies, Etc., to grace his brief but joyous reign.

This is the Linen Store of safety and saving. COME VISIT OUR LINEN DEPARTMENT. Compare the prices listed below with others you see printed.

Table Damask.

2 pieces 54 in. Union unbleached, reg. 25c grade. Thanksgiving sale 21c

4 pieces 64 in. German unbleached, all Linen, 65c value, Thanksgiving sale 55c

3 pieces 60 in. all Linen, bleached Damask, 75c value. Thanksgiving sale 63c

5 pieces 72 in. all Linen, Irish bleached Damask reg. value $1 (napkins to match) Thanksgiving sale price.. 89c

5 pieces ex. heavy German Linen, in pretty patterns such as snow drop, rose, maiden hair, fern, tulip, pansy, reg. $1.25 value, with napkins to match, Thanksgiving sale $1.10

Other grades of Damask ranging in price from $.50 to $2.50 per yard, napkins to match, in all the latest patterns.

One Tray of Remnants of Table Linen at Thanksgiving Sale prices.

Napkins—special.

50 dozen 18 in. Napkins, fast selvage edge, sale.. 95c

25 dozen 20 in. Napkins, all linen, fast selvage, regular value $1.50, Thanksgiving sale $1.35

Other grades of Napkins in all the wanted sizes, Thanksgiving sale price $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3, up to $8 per doz.

One Tray of Odd Napkins at big Reductions.

TABLE SETS—special.

15 Cloths 72x90 Mercerized Damask, permanent finish, same appearance as an expensive piece of Linen, Thanksgiving sale price per cloth $1.98

2 doz. Cloths, 72x90 Unbleached, union hemstitched ready for use, sale price $1.59

6 table sets, 60x80 bleached all linen, in snow drop, rose, lily of the valley, tulip and conventional designs. These sets come in the cloth and napkins, all hemstitched ready for use, Thanksgiving sale price $6.95

We carry the most complete stock of table sets in this part of the state, in cloths and napkins to match in all the wanted sizes

Size 68x90, price $4.50, $5.00, $5.50 up to $10.00.
" 68x99, " $5.00, $4.50, $6.00 " " $11.00.
" 72x99, " $5.50, $6.00, $6.50 " " $25.00.
" 72x79, " $5.50, $6.00, $6.50 " " $32.50.
" 72x108, " $7.50, $8.50, $10.00 up to $22.50.

We also carry Cloths for Round Tables.

TRAY and LUNCH CLOTHS—special.

8 dozen 20x20 Japanese hand drawn work, linen squares, value $1.25, sale price 75c

TRAY CLOTHS. Thanksgiving sale prices 25, 35, 50 cents up to $2 each.

Special—3 dozen 30x30 all linen lunch cloths reg. value $1, Thanksgiving sale price 75c

Lunch cloths, Thanksgiving sale prices $1, $1.25, $1.50, $2, up to $3.50.

Doilies in all styles and sizes, Japanese drawn work, Mexican, Cluny and hemstitched 6, 8, 10 and 12 inches, per pair ..... 5c to $1.50.

DRESSER and SIDEBOARD Covers. In scottsie Japanese drawn work, Battenburg and Damask, during this sale ranging in price from ..... 25c each to $5.00

Towels and Toweling.

25 doz. 18x30 all linen Huck Towels, reg. value 25c Thanksgiving sale price ..... 18c each or a pair for 35c

25 doz. 18x16 towels 15 cent value, sale price.. 12½c

15 doz. all linen Huck towels, regular 35c. Thanksgiving sale price 29c

Better grades in Huck and Damask towels, Thanksgiving sale price ..... 50, 75c, $1.00 up to $2.00

BE SURE AND ATTEND OUR BIG THANKSGIVING FURNITURE SALE NOW ON. MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED.

Send in your orders. We guarantee a saving of 10 per cent. If goods are not just as represented you may return same at our expense and money will be cheerfully refunded.

BELL BROTHERS,

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpets and Furniture House in Southwestern New York.

SOME STATEMENTS REGARDING NEW THEORY

Followers of Cooper and His Novel Ideas Give Reason for Their Belief in Him.

With a theory that human health is dependent on the stomach and with a medicine which he says proves this theory, L. T. Cooper, a comparatively young man, has built up an immense following during the past year.

Cooper has visited most of the leading cities of the country, and in each city has aroused a storm of discussion about his beliefs and his medicines. Wherever he has gone, people have called upon him by tens of thousands, and his preparation has sold in immense quantities.

The sale of this medicine has now spread over the entire country, and is growing enormously each day. In view of this, the following statements from two of the great number of followers which he now has, are of general interest.

Mrs. Agnes Viggenhousser, of 942 St. Louis Avenue, Chicago, has the following to say on the subject of the Cooper preparations: "For more than ten years I was broken down in health. I could not sleep and I was very nervous. Gradually I began to lose my memory, until I could not remember things from one day to another. I had severe pains and cramps in my body, and I would at times see dark spots before my eyes. I was unable to do any work whatever, as my strength was failing. I had no appetite, nor could I take any medicine.

"I had about given up hope of ever being well again when I read of Mr. Cooper's remedies. I decided to give them a trial, and I began to feel better at once. After taking the medicine for two weeks I can say that I am a new woman. I can eat with enjoyment, the pains in my body have left me, and I am stronger than I have been for years.

"I cannot say enough for Mr. Cooper's remedies. They are wonderful, for they have done everything claimed for them in my case."

Another statement by Mr. W. B. Stewart, 109 W. Madison St., Chicago, is as follows: "I have had stomach trouble for years, and anyone who is afflicted this way knows what an awful distressed feeling it causes. Many a time I have felt that I would give most any price to be cured. It was by accident that I heard of this man Cooper's remedies. I immediately made up my mind to buy a treatment of him. I used it for about two weeks, and it is impossible to tell how much good it has done me. I feel altogether different. I have more life and energy than I have had for years. This medicine certainly does stimulate and strengthen the whole system. Tired feeling and weak condition of the stomach has entirely passed away. I feel well again."

We sell Cooper's celebrated medicines which have made this wonderful record in all parts of the country.—McCoy's Drug Store.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

HUN-E-LAX
THE BOWEL BON BON
"PURE AS HONEY"

Regulates the bowels without griping by cleansing the passage with natural sweetness.

Gives extraordinary power to weakened liver, increasing the digestive secretions and toning the bowels into perfect action. Cures Biliousness, Dizziness and Sick Headache.

Children and young people during puberty are greatly benefited, and their development is aided by the health-producing influence of Hun-E-Lax on their growing systems.

10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists

PIANOS

And Organs at all prices and terms to suit, direct from the manufacturers.

E. E. Ellison

143 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

The New Union Station at Washington.

All the passenger trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad will enter and depart from the new Union Station at Washington on November 17, 1907, and on the same date the present station at Sixth and B streets will be closed to traffic.

The date is singularly fitting. In 1807 both wings of the Capitol were completed, and now a century later a building even larger is opened for a great public utility, which did not exist at that time.

The railroad terminal facilities at Washington have been inadequate for years, particularly at inauguration periods and on the assemblage of other large gatherings at the Capitol. Their improvement was imperative and so it has come about that, by the combined effort of the railroads and the United States Government, one of the largest and unquestionably the handsomest railroad station in the world is now provided not only for the convenience of the citizens of the United States, but as a notable architectural addition to the great public buildings of the Capitol City. It is a monumental edifice and a worthy type of the future structures, which will make Washington the municipal beauty spot of the world.

The station including the Concourse is longer than the Capitol and nearly as wide. The waiting room is larger than the hall of the House of Representatives. The concourse, which is the train lobby, is longer than the interior of the Capitol building, if it were one continuous hall, and half as wide. It is the largest building ever constructed for a like purpose.

Within this great structure there is every convenience the traveler can desire, so grouped about the central hall as to serve his purpose to the best advantage.

The lofty arched entrances face a plaza as large as an ordinary city park, which will be laid out as a plaza and adorned with shrubbery and fountains.

The trackage is sufficient for all demands upon it and as the entrance to and exit from the trains are separated, the confusion and jostling of hurrying crowds, moving in opposite directions will be obviated.

The bigness of the station is impressive; its utilities obvious.

OVERCOATS

We have lots of them.

By buying them in big lots we get them much cheaper. And to give you advantage of our overstock we will sell for this week your pick of our stock at a price that will fit your pocketbook.

They run from $8.00 to $25.00.

They sell this week from $6.25 to $19.75.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

CUTLERY

Carvers, Butcher Knives, Sticking Knives Skinning Knives, and knives of all kinds. These knives are all guaranteed. If you find a flaw in your knife return it and get a new knife or your money. No questions asked. We have also added to our stock a line of Pocket Knives manufactured by the Smethport Cutlery Co.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 21, 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Lots of locals on third page.

—Dance at the Lyceum Thanksgiving night.

—What's doing December 4th? The Junior Auxiliary fair, of course.

—Hose company's supper and dance at the hose house to-morrow night.

—A fine assortment of fancy work for Christmas at the Junior Auxiliary fair.

—The MINER costs only one dollar per year if paid in advance. Better subscribe now.

—Get a good supper to-morrow night at the hose house. Only 25 cents. Supper starts at 5:30.

—Bell Bros., Olean, have a big new advertisement to-day that cannot fail to interest shoppers.

—Dancing seems to be the popular pastime in Smethport. Three or four dances a week is about the average and are usually largely attended.

—Several members of the Modern Protective Association drove to Hazelhurst, Tuesday evening, where they were entertained by the Crystal City Lodge of that of that place.

—A new street light has been placed in front of Julius Mosslain's dwelling house on West King street.

—Ike Simons, Bradford, has something of interest to say in regard to men's clothing in his advertisement this week.

—Leopold Erhart, who committed suicide in this city recently, left an estate at South Dayton valued at $3,500.—Bradford Star.

—The Ladies Aid of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a cooked food sale in their rooms in the parsonage at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

—Down in Pottsville this week turkeys are retailing at 15 cents a pound, live weight, or 12 cents a pound wholesale. Dealers expect the prices to go lower.

—Attorney T. H. Morrison arrived home from Philadelphia Saturday and has entirely recovered from the attack of typhoid fever from which he suffered in that city.

—A Coudersport man is alleged to have stolen a check and started for other ports with the woman he intended to make his bride. He was arrested at Austin and the wedding has been postponed.

—After Jan. 1, 1908, clergymen will be compelled to pay full fare on the railroads. This decision has been recently announced and is in keeping with the railroads in doing away with all classes of reduced fare.

—The new marriage license law goes into effect in New York State, Jan. 1, 1908. This will be quite a blow to the marriage industry across the line. As long as a license is necessary most Pennsylvania couples will figure that they might as well get married at home.

—George H. Denning has purchased the meat market on Main street of R. G. Terry and has taken possession of the same. The MINER bespeaks for Mr. Denning that he receives his full share of public patronage. Mr. Terry has the best wishes of this paper for his future prosperity.

—Mr. B. F. Starsky of Smethport, who was in town yesterday, informed the ERA that when the proper time arrives for making announcements for county offices, he will ask the Republican voters of the county for nomination to the office of prothonotary. Mr. Starsky is at present assistant to Samuel E. Bell in that position and he is a very efficient and energetic man for the work.—Bradford Era.

—Alfred Norman, one of the pioneer settlers at Kanesholin, died at his residence Sunday, at the age of sixty years. Deceased settled on the farm, where he has resided, thirty years ago and cleared it up. It was a vast wilderness at the time, but with characteristic energy he set to work and the result is evidenced in a well cultivated and productive farm. He is survived by his wife, a son and daughter. The funeral was held on Wednesday afternoon.—Kane Republican.

Beauty of Inequality.

The beauty as well as the happiness of the universe requires inequality. Equal lines, smooth surfaces and eternal plains have no beauty. We must have hill and dale, mountain and valley, sea and land, suns of all magnitudes, worlds of all sizes, minds of all dimensions and persons and faces of divers sorts and colors to constitute a beautiful and happy world. We must have sexes, conditions and circumstances—empires, nations and families—diversities in person, mind, manners, in order to the communication and reception of happiness; hence our numerous and various wants are not only incentives to action, but sources of pleasure, both simple and complex—physical, intellectual and moral.—Alexander Campbell.

The Jewel of Forgiveness.

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation. Our weaknesses are thus indemnified and are not too costly, being the price we pay for the boon of forgiveness, and the archangel who has never felt anger has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.—Richter.

Mig Cleverness.

"Don't be so lazy. There's plenty of room at the top, and you're clever enough to get there."

"But," replied the lazy genius, "think how clever it is of me to find a place at the bottom, where there isn't so much room."

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

New Millinery.

We are now showing all the latest and most stylish trimmed hats for ladies and children. A new assortment of beautiful waists and tailored skirts for Fall wear. The most up-to-date line of coats and furs for ladies. Novelties of all kinds.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

Personal Mention.

Dr. F. C. Pierce was an Olean visitor Monday.

James Matthews of Bradford was in town Friday.

O. S. King of Port Allegany was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Emil Jahn visited her parents in Eldred this week.

Mrs. P. E. Brown passed last week a guest of Mt. Jewett friends.

Mrs. Sheridan Gurton and Mrs. D. M. Brasted visited Buffalo this week.

Miss Josephine Munroe of Olean passed Sunday in town a guest of friends.

A. P. Huey, Esq., of Kane was a pleasant caller at the MINER office Monday.

Miss Kathryn Cassidy of Ormsby visited friends in town Friday and Saturday.

Misses Elsie Sherer, Beatrice Gifford and Viola Badger visited Olean Thursday.

Mrs. Foster Studholme and children of Olean were visiting relatives in town this week.

O. D. Gallup of Norwich was a Smethport and Mt. Jewett visitor during the past week.

Doctors D. E. Ash and S. H. Humes of Bradford transacted business in town the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle visited Bradford last night and witnessed "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," at the Bradford theatre.

Will Blake, who has been located in Kansas and Oklahoma for the past year, is in town this week a guest of his sister, Mrs. J. C. Buckus.

E. T. Newmin and Howard Blanding of Syracuse, N. Y., arrived in town Saturday night on a business mission. They departed for Syracuse Sunday.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, of Bradford were guests of Mrs. Thamm's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Abbey of East Smethport, during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Williams of Butler, who were married in Smethport recently, were in town this week receiving the congratulations and well wishes of their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham of Smethport and Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Titus of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, are visiting at the home of Mrs. C. H. Stark of East Corydon street.—Bradford Record.

Pain anywhere, in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache, all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this abnormal blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box 25 cts.—Druggists. Sold by All Dealers.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

SEE WHAT'S HERE!

The New Suits for Fall have come. They are now in stock and waiting to be looked at.

There are a lot of new things in colorings and in patterns.

The cuts are a little different from last season.

We wish this announcement to be your invitation to look over this new stock.

It may be early; you may not need a suit now, but the experience of looking will be a treat.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

When in need of Clothing, Hats, Shoes or Men's Wear of any kind see

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

Linens for Thanksgiving.

How's the linen supply? Ample? Got all the table cloths, tray cloths, napkins and other linens you'll need? Beautiful, good, wholesome linens are indespensible to the Thanksgiving spread.

Perhaps you have enough linens for Thanksgiving. Your Thanksgiving needs are only secondary—now. The vital question is, have you enough to last until this time next year. You'll get less in quality or pay a higher price for the same grade later on. Good Flax is continually mounting up in price due to a short supply. The New Linens we place on sale now were ordered months ago to be shipped within three weeks. You see what the situation is.

Sun bleached, mostly—not chemical bleached. Chemicals weaken the linen thread—eat away an invisible gum which holds the tiny fibres together, destroying the strength of union. Sun bleaching has no effect on the gum.

Cloths per yd. at 50c, 55c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25.

Napkins per doz. at $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.50.

Pattern Set Cloths 2½ to 3 yds., the set $3.50 to $9.50.

Tray cloths each 25c, 50c, $1.00 and up to $3.75.

Doileys each 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00.

Lunch Cloths each $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and up to $4.50.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at 20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

I have just received the most complete line of

CHANDELIERS

ever shown at one time in the town.

If you intend buying a chandelier this winter you will do well to examine my stock for Bargains in this line.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. SMETHPORT

Game of Hearts and the Rubber....

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Leonora was the most fascinating creature that ever breathed. Everybody admitted that. How she had ever managed to get past the twenties without yielding to the numerous sieges laid to her heart was a matter of common wonder. Now that the momentous eve of her thirtieth birthday had arrived Leonora herself was wondering about it.

She thought of the faithful Rob and sighed. She thought of the impulsive Jack and laughed outright. She thought of the imperious Roland and lifted her eyebrows. They were remarkably beautiful eyebrows, and the eyes that looked frankly into hers out of the mirror were bewitchingly merry and brown.

For a few moments Leonora brushed her wavy hair vigorously. Then she twined it into a long thick braid, said good night and gaily to the seventy-nine-year-old self in the mirror, turned out the light and jumped into bed. "Rather the whole business," she muttered sleepily, "I'm never going to think of them again."

But she did. At least, go where she would in her dreams, the persistent Rob followed her, his wistful, adoring eyes fastened upon her until it seemed as if she could not stand it a moment longer. Then Jack would appear from seemingly nowhere and without any polite preliminaries or regard for the curious people around them, would begin to tell her how he loved her, how he lived but for sight of her, how he—suddenly exit Jack and enter Roland, the haughty.

"I don't like the looks of that man who was with you just now, my dear," was his ultimatum. "I don't want you to have anything more to do with him. Come; we will be married immediately. And I won't stand any more trifling." And then—oh, then the rain began to pour in torrents, and the wind blew a gale, and she was all alone, and she lost her rubber while crossing a muddy street, and—well, so it went on and on through the night.

In the morning the doctor was called. Leonora had a high fever and other alarming symptoms.

"Are you subject to attacks like these?" asked the young physician in his most professional manner.

"Never remember having had a doctor before in my life," Leonora answered, smiling feebly. Then, a flash of her true mischievous self flaring up for a moment, she added: "But I think I'm going to enjoy it. You're so amusingly young and serious, Dr. Torrence."

Perhaps it was just as well for Leonora that a sharp pain in her side prevented her from expressing her observations more freely.

When the pain had passed the doctor resumed his cross questioning.

"Do you recall any way you may have taken cold?" He put the question this time in an almost jocular tone.

"That's better," commented Leonora.

"The pain? I'm glad."

"No; I meant the—never mind. What was it you asked?"

Dr. Torrence repeated the question.

"Oh, yes! Why, I lost my rubber yesterday in the rain. Can you take cold by wetting just one foot?"

The physician refused to commit himself. Before Leonora could get a chance to push her inquiry she found her mouth effectively stopped by a clinical thermometer.

That evening Dr. Torrence called again. He found his patient not quite so well and far less frisky.

"It's been such an endless day," she told him, "the dreadest I ever knew in my life, and it's my birthday."

"It doesn't look dreary with all these beautiful flowers nodding their congratulations."

"Congratulations?" Leonora groaned. "Dr. Torrence, I'm thirty years old."

The doctor gave vent to a hearty laugh.

"You look about sixteen," he answered gallantly.

Leonora flushed faintly at the compliment, lifted one of her long braids that lay over her shoulder and dropped it again wearily.

"It's an awful tragedy," she informed him. "You can't appreciate it."

"I thought I did three years ago," he answered, smiling at her gently, "but I've found out since I was mistaken. Why, you're just beginning to live—my dear."

The last two words he felt at liberty to add by virtue of his three years' seniority, plus his professional privileges.

"Perhaps so," sighed Leonora, "only I feel more as if I were going to die."

Indeed, for the next few days it looked as though her pathetic prophecy might prove only too true. At last, after a hard fight, the dread pneumonia was conquered and the days of convalescence dawned, none too brightly, but surely.

When Leonora could at length sit up the light of her transparent, white looking face almost seared her. She used to pinch her cheeks for the joy of seeing the color come back to them. Just let her get strong again and wouldn't she show everybody how young and heart free she was! As if, for that matter, any one had ever thought of her as anything else!

"Surrounded by flowers, as usual," was the doctor's cheery greeting as he dropped in for a semisocial, semiprofessional call one afternoon.

Leonora didn't really need his services any longer, but the doctor found it difficult to desert so fascinating a patient.

"Who sent them," he teased her. "Tom, Dick or Harry—I mean Rob, Jack or Roland?"

Leonora's big brown eyes looked at him in amusement.

"How did you know about them?"

The doctor laughed a bit sheepishly. "Oh, that's all you talked about when you had the fever."

Leonora blushed prettily.

"You they sent them," she obligingly advised. "Rob and Jack and Roland. But not even the American Beauties give me such keen joy as my rubber violets."

The doctor followed her gaze. From the chandelier hung a woman's rubber overshoe filled with rich, fragrant violets.

"It's the most romantic thing that ever happened to me in my life," exclaimed Leonora, her eyes shining with happiness. "You see it's the rubber I lost that rainy day before I was taken ill. Some man saw me drop it and has sent it back to me in this artistic fashion—anonymously, of course."

"Rather a footless procedure, it strikes me," commented the doctor.

"For shame!" Leonora reproved. "You're jealous!"

The doctor's face grew serious.

"Maybe I am," he replied. Leonora dropped her eyes under his steady look of admiration. "The other three were strong enough rivals without this unknown mackintosh hurling in with his rubber plants."

Leonora turned aside the doctor's meaning lightly.

"Yes the one interest in life for me now," she said gayly.

Following the advent of the violets came lady slippers, with a fanciful little note expressing the hope that they'd prove as fitting an expression of the donor's devotion as the rubbers, and when they had faded a great bunch of brilliant autumn leaves filled their place.

"Leonora, I am jealous," announced the doctor as he watched her go into ecstasies over the gorgeous foliage. "I believe if it weren't for this aggressively sentimental scamp I'd stand half a chance myself. Don't you care for me the least little bit, Leonora?"

The girl hesitated.

"More than a little bit, Dr. Torrence. But, foolish or not, all my thoughts center around this unknown admirer. He appeals to my imagination more than any man I ever actually knew. I love romance. I can't help it."

"Well, then," said the doctor decisively, "the sooner he's discovered and laid low the better. I'm going to hunt him down if it takes a month of Sundays and present him to you, little Miss Romance."

In less than a week word came from the doctor that he would call on a certain afternoon, with Leonora's consent, and bring "Mr. Mackintosh" with him. With feverish anticipation Leonora waited the culmination of her romance. On the stated afternoon she dressed herself in her most becoming frock and tucked some of the violets that had come that very morning into her belt.

The bell rang. Her heart beat riotously. She was very jealous, half afraid.

The doctor entered her sitting room alone.

"Wouldn't he come?" faltered Leonora.

"He wants time to have a little talk with you first, Leonora. First, he wants to tell you a bit what he's like and then if you don't want to see him you needn't. I'm going to be just as frank and fair about him as I know how. He isn't handsome—in fact, I think he's about as near homely as they make 'em and he's crippled—a trifle crippled. He isn't rich either—enough just a fair living, though he hopes to do better some day. He's pretty fond of his own way. I've discovered, but you could manage him covered, but you could manage him without much trouble."

"He's everything you say he isn't," interrupted Leonora. "He's handsome and modest and unselfish and—and—anyway, money isn't everything."

"Why, Leonora!" stammered the doctor, utterly taken back by her burst of passionate defense.

"And I know something else about him too. I found it out today. His handwriting is always the same funny boyish scrawl whether it's on a prescription or in a note sent with lady slippers."

The doctor's face was radiant.

"Leonora," he cried, "you do love me—there is no rival?"

"No, dear; none. You've won the rubber even if you did juggle the cards a bit. I acknowledge my defeat."

And then the man who was "pretty fond of his own way" insisted on taking thirty kisses—and one more to grow on.

Feeding Pet Flowers.

"Come and see me feed my flower pets," he said.

And he led the way, bearing some chopped raw fish in a saucer, to a huge aquarium. The bottom of the aquarium was covered with flowers. In the silent submarine garden clumps of beautiful bright growths, yellow, white, pink, blue swayed gently to the clear water.

"Watch," he said, and he thrust down a small morsel of fish on a rod. Immediately a white flower like a daisy drew toward the fish, bending on its stalk. It wrapped its petals, like slim white fingers, about the food.

"Another," he said, and this time a yellow flower bent forward and took a morsel.

"Isn't it wonderful?" he cried. "Living, thinking flowers! Before they knew me they would turn away—they would shut all their petals tight when I tried to feed them. But they are my friends now, these sea anemones."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds and whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, cuts the phlegm, clears the head. For young and old. Guaranteed. Secure a bottle at once. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

PRIZED PAPER MONEY

Rare Issues That Even Trained Experts Seldom See.

OLD RED GOLD CERTIFICATES

They Were the First Ones Issued and Seldom Get Into Circulation—National Bank Notes of 1865 That Puzzled Financial Institutions.

"It is a curious fact that not one man out of ten can tell you the design on any one of the current United States bank notes," said a collector of paper money. "Of course I don't refer to the notes of high denomination. I mean everyday, common bank notes of low denomination, and I do not bar in this statement many employees in banks.

"They handle money in a mechanical way, and I'll venture that many of them would be stumped if you were to ask them to give you a detailed description of a dollar bill. They would instantly recognize it when it came to hand, but each man trusts more to a general impression of what constitutes the outlines of a certain note than he realizes. There was a very clear illustration of the truth of my statement the other day in Indiana.

"In the vaults of a bank at Rochester, Ind., there had lain for a number of years a package of five dollar national bank notes just as it had come from the treasury department. These bills all bore the name of the bank and were of the first issue of national bank notes. It will be remembered that the issue of 1865 showed a fine engraving of a historical character on the reverse of each denomination, the five dollar bills bearing on the back a representation of the landing of Columbus, on the obverse being an Englishman presenting an Indian maiden to three women, emblematic of Europe, Asia and Africa.

"A good many of these new bills were paid out, and not long afterward telegrams, letters and even personal calls began to pour into the bank warning the officials to be on their guard that a most clever and absolutely undetectable counterfeit of their notes was out, and the only way the fact had been discovered was owing to the difference between this and the present designs of national bank notes. The incident went to show how little the average business man is acquainted with paper money, for if there was one note that a counterfeiter could not duplicate with success it was the first, the national bank note of the series mentioned.

"The cashier of the bank, however, curious to see for himself whether bank employees really were suspicious of the notes, took a trip to Chicago and made several attempts to pass the unfamiliar bills across the counters of some of the banks, but without success, the notes being refused in every case.

"The same thing happened in St. Louis when some one brought into a downtown bank a hundred dollar note with a red back. Now, the bank employees knew of the old fractional currency notes of small denominations with red backs, such as the five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cent pieces of paper, but this bill of large denomination, with the glaring red reverse puzzled them.

"Yet it was a perfectly good issue, being a specimen of the first gold certificates, which made their appearance some time in 1865 or 1866. The law authorizing their issue, as a matter of fact, was passed March 3, 1863, at the same time the law was passed authorizing the fractional notes which appeared with red backs. The red backed gold certificates were of the denominations of $20, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000 and $10,000 and had been used only mostly for clearing house purposes and consequently seldom got into circulation.

"I bet no time in acquiring the bill and now regard it as one of the greatest rarities in my collection and do not believe it could be duplicated.

"I have one note that would puzzle the average business man or banker either, for that matter. It is a specimen of the three year interest bearing notes of July 17, 1861. While this one is for only $50, still other denominations were $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000. They were engraved only on one side, the other being mostly in white, allowing a space for indorsement.

"All these notes were made payable to order and bore interest at the rate of 7.3 per cent. They were known in former days as seven-thirty notes, bearing five coupons for each six months' interest, the last six months' interest being payable upon the presentation and redemption of the note.

"These notes were but a trifle larger than the ordinary bank note and were convertible into twenty year 6 per cent bonds. The fifty dollar note shows on the American eagle on a rock as the principal device, the $100 bore the portrait of General Winfield Scott, the $500 that of Washington, the $1,000 Salmon P. Chase, while the $5,000 represented an Indian girl with bow, kneeling on a shield, an eagle near by and Justice at the left hand.

"In 1864 congress authorized a new issue of 7.3 per cent notes, but none was issued. In their stead came compound interest notes at 6 per cent, compounded semiannually, this really being less than the authorized interest. Many of these bills were used as general currency, and yet not one bank employee out of a hundred would know anything about them. On the back of the bill was a table showing the value of the bill every six months, the principal and interest being payable only at maturity, but the notes were always received in value. These also are regarded as rare by collectors.

"I have one ten dollar bill bearing 7 per cent interest from Jan. 20, 1870. I suppose I would have a lot of trouble in passing that bill if I should need to and maybe would not get more than $10 for it, and yet it is worth just exactly $21, but to say anything of its value to me as a collector.

"Of the bills made payable to order there were originally issued $558,600 worth, and the total amount converted was $68,450, leaving $70 outstanding, and this ten dollar bill of mine represents one-seventh of this remainder. Of the notes made payable to bearer, out of a total of $30,051,250 originally issued there is now left to be redeemed only $26,210, and the probability is that many of these notes have been destroyed.

"The bills were intended to interest poor persons in the purchase of government bonds, which accounts for the low denomination, but very few of them fell into such hands. They are now of extreme rarity and are held at a high premium."—St. Louis Republic.

BRITISH BARONETS.

These of England and Ireland Wear the "Bloody Hand of Ulster."

The rank of baronet was given first by King James I as a means of raising money. The recipients of the dignity were to be gentlemen of good birth possessing not less than £1,000 a year and in time of war, like the old knights banneret, were to occupy posts of honor near the royal standard.

The money payment has wholly ceased, but when a baronet is created the ancient form of warrant is still retained, and a "tally" is struck at the exchequer and handed to the new baronet by way of receipt. Baronets have no coronet or robes, but in the English and Irish divisions they possess as a distinctive badge the "Bloody Hand of Ulster," which invariably appears on their coat of arms.

The baronets of Nova Scotia, who date before the union of England and Scotland, show the arms of Nova Scotia upon their shields. The baronets of Scotland have a distinctive badge consisting of an enameled decoration, worn from the neck by an orange tawny ribbon, showing St. Andrew's cross upon a small shield, surmounted by a crown and surrounded by the enameled motto, "Fax mentis honestae gloria" ("Glory, the beacon light of the noble mind").

With this King Charles conferred a crest—a branch of laurel held by a naked hand and a thistle held by an armed one—with the added motto, "Munit haec, ultera vindit" ("One defends, the other conquers"). All later baronets of the "United Kingdom" or of "Great Britain" and Ireland use such pretty toys.

In fact, many people who pride themselves on their familiarity with Debrett know scarcely anything of baronets' badges and beyond a hazy notion of the meaning of the Ulster Hand are unaware of their history and significance.

There is one instance of the honor being granted to a woman. Dame Mary Bolles of Osberton, Nottinghamshire, was created a baroness in 1635 for "maintaining thirty foot soldiers at eighteen a day for three years in his majesty's service," no slight help in those troublous times.

"Dame," the old English word for lady, is the almost obsolete style to be used by a baronet's wife. Nowadays she is styled "lady" without the use of her Christian name. Should she prefer the old word "dame," that is always followed by the Christian name and sounds distinctly quaint and distinctive.—Modern Society.

They Went to Church.

Attendance at church service is obligatory upon the part of soldiers at certain English posts, and amusing stories are sometimes resorted to in order to escape this requirement. At one post where a number of recruits were temporarily stationed an old sergeant was ordered to ascertain to what religious sect each man belonged and to see that he joined the party told off for that particular form of worship. Some of the men had no liking for church and declared themselves to be atheists. But the sergeant was a Scotsman and a man of experience.

"Ah, weel," said he, "then ye hae no need to kape holy the Sabbath, and the stables hae na been cleaned oot lately." And he ordered them to clean out the stables. This occupied practically the whole day, and the men lost their usual Sunday afternoon's leave.

Next Sunday a broad smile crept over the face of the sergeant when he heard that the atheists had joined the Church of England.—London Tit-Bits.

Love For the Beautiful.

Let us learn to love and appreciate the beauty which we see around us every day. There are beautiful things everywhere. Some of us see them; some do not. It all depends on our education. A beautiful flower may grow by the wayside. One person may pass it by and not even see it, or he may trample it under foot and call it an ugly weed. Another may see the same flower and as he looks upon it marvel at its beauty and recognize the handiwork of God. One of these persons has no love for the beautiful in his soul—and the other has—that is the difference. Some people will tell you that it is not practical to care for beautiful things, but it really is practical, because it helps to make life sweeter and better. You will find it well worth cultivating, this love for the beautiful, and when you once have it in your hearts you will never be willing to part with it.—Maxwell's Talisman.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

TOLD HIS WIFE ABOUT IT.

And Then Accused Her of Having No Sense of Humor.

Englishmen are often accused of being unable to grasp the point of the American pun, and sometimes they may think they are the point of a joke which, perhaps they do not. An Englishman named Morley was walking along the sidewalk one day with an American friend when the latter inadvertently slipped and fell down.

"Ah, my flesh boy, I hope you are not hurt. How did it happen?"

To which the friend replied:

"It happened notwithstanding."

They both laughed over the pun, and Morley said it was so good he was going to tell his wife about it. At dinner that evening he remarked that he had such a good joke on his friend Brown, and by way of preliminary, leading up to the point of his story, he proceeded to tell all about who Brown was, his associations and business connections, how he came to get acquainted with him, connected relations he had had with him, etc., until he forgot all the story, but was reminded of it by the wife, who said impatiently:

"But what about the story?"

"Oh, yes," laughing immoderately at the recollection of it struck him. "Why, you see, Brown and I were walking down the street together, and he slipped on a [illegible] and fell down, and when I asked him how it happened he said, 'Nevertheless.'"

And the wife gave it herself evening and declared she had no sense of humor because she said she didn't see anything funny in that.—Judge's Library.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The Metals of the Standards That Are in Use Today.

There are no products of human skill on which a greater degree of care is expended than the standards of weight and measure in use among the civilized nations of the globe. Two things in particular have to be considered, accuracy and durability. Nature does not furnish any single metal or mineral which exactly answers the requirements for a standard of measure or weight that shall be as nearly as possible unalterable.

The best substance yet produced for this purpose is an alloy of 10 per cent of platinum with 10 per cent of iridium. This is called iridio-platinum and is the substance of which the metric standards prepared by the international committee on weights and measures is composed. It is hard, is less affected by heat than any pure metal, is practically unoxidizable and can be finely engraved. In fact, the lines on the standard meters are hardly visible to the naked eye, yet they are smooth, sharp and accurate.

If our civilization should ever be lost and relics of it should be discovered in some brighter age in the remote future there is nothing that would bear high or testimony to its character than these standard measures of iridio platinum for the protection and preservation of which the science of this day has done its very best.—St. Louis Republic.

An Obedient Patient.

An old doctor whose memory was beginning to fail him called in to see a young man who was ill. On arriving at the house he found his patient in bed with nothing the matter but a slight cold. After prescribing the usual remedies he said:

"Now, my dear sir, you must stay in bed till I come again."

He went away and forgot all about his patient. The time flew by. One day the old doctor was across the young man's route in the street. The sight of Mrs. Jones brought his patient to his mind, and, with a start, he said:

"By the bye, how is your son getting on?"

To his amazement Mrs. Jones replied that he was still in bed, obedient to the doctor's commands. He had been there three weeks.—Illustrated Bits.

The Art of Pickling Nuts.

The Chinese are the only people in the world who know the art of pickling all kinds of nuts," said a San Francisco man. "You take, for instance, the pickled Chinese walnut. This is the most delightful of all the relish family. The big nut is pickled and has the finest kind of flavor. It is rich, and an order of them costs $1. Then there is the Chinese butternut. This too, is pickled and is palate tickling. The Chinese are the only folk who can really make fine nut butter. In fact, the Chinese have more accomplishments than the average American ever dreamed of."—Nashville Tennessean.

Home.

Home! How deep a spell that little word contains! It is the circle in which our purest, best affections move and consecrate themselves, the hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth gathers the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon. It is childhood's temple and manhood's shrine, the ark of the past and the future.—Uhland.

White and Black Lies.

"What," queried the young man, "is the difference between white lies and black lies?"

"White lies," answered the home grown philosopher, "are the kind we tell. Black lies are the kind we hear."—Chicago News.

The Obligato.

"I went to the opera last night."

"What did you hear?"

"That Mr. Browning is going to get a divorce, Mrs. Biggs has the dearest dog and a new baby, and the Huttons are going to live in India."—Harper's Bazar.

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Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. F. Babcock, Bradford.
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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Hall, Smethport.
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Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
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Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
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Coroner—S. M. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

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High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Inspectors of Election—F. T. Daly, B. McMillan, Clerk.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 438, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
C. H. DESSING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 293, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
F. A. BRADFORD, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
E. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 183, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keeps Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.

O. U. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
HELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.
Mrs. E. A. EASTMAN, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 34, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 156, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Mrs. MARIA GARTER, W. M.
Mrs. ELLA MOONEHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. K. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree 2nd Monday, Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, C.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Preaching Sunday at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at conclusion of morning service; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m.; General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport.—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. E. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 8:00 a. m. on Sunday, and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Old Home Week.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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Billy Sugden read the pamphlet through from cover to cover, from the first glaring line, "Old Home Week," to the imprint of the "Blairsville Mercury Job Print" on the last page of the cover. Somehow the little booklet seemed to have almost the value of a message from home. He could even tell which part of the text Carr, the editor of the Mercury, had written and which portions were the product of the Rev. John Dudley, the Presbyterian minister, who has literary aspirations.

One paragraph in particular appealed to him. It ran, "We have set a date later than most of the old home weeks so that we, the home stayers, bring to a happy and prosperous conclusion the harvest of the year so may the homeseekers bring with them the first fruits of their prosperity and their talent."

Whoever had sent him the pamphlet had underscored this paragraph, and Sugden felt with a glow of pride that his new found fame had reached even to the old home. It was only in the last few months that he had gained the position as an illustrator for which he had fought, and fame was still very sweet to him. He could see visions of the old home, the quiet, shady streets, the trees now gorgeous in their autumnal tints, as he sat down and wrote a note of regret to the famous New Yorker who holds ought to add him to her collection at Newport for that week."

As the train drew near the old town some weeks later he peered from the windows as eagerly as a boy.

On both sides of the car excited faces were pressed against the glass hearing familiar sights, and when at last the long line of cars swung around the pond and the gray old brick water

"ELIZABETH! IS IT REALLY YOU," HE DEMANDED.

came into sight the car rang with cheers, in which Sugden's voice was by no means the least vociferous.

It was pleasant to meet the reception committee with their pompous formality of welcoming speeches, which were followed by the more genuine handclasps. It was still more pleasant to make his way up the street and get a welcome on every hand, but through it all Sugden was conscious of one lack—the absence of one person who alone could make old home week a success to him. For the first time he realized that the week meant to him Elizabeth Grantley, and it was to see her that he had come.

As he crossed the foaming little river that cut the town in two he remembered the last time that he stood on the span. He and Elizabeth had leaned against the rail, watching the swirling waters in the uncertain moonlight, while gently she had put from her the hopes that had risen in her breast and had sent him on his way unfettered by matrimonial promises. "If you really want me you will come back for me without a promise," she had whispered. "I could not bear to think that I was holding you back in your career, Billy." He had protested and argued, but the girl had steadfastly held to her point. She would not marry him—she would not even consider an engagement. If he was to fight his way in the world he must be left free.

He had failed then to perceive her point of view. He had wanted her to marry him and go with him in search of a career. When she had refused he had flung himself away, and he had not written. Now he knew that she had been right, and he longed to tell her so. "There was a bureau of information through which visitors might locate their old friends, but the sweet faced girl in charge of the registry list shook her head regretfully. "We tried to locate the Grantleys to reach them with an announcement," she explained, "but they appear to have dropped from sight completely. I will make a note of your address in case we do locate them." Sugden thanked her and went out feeling as though after all his coming had been a mistake. He slipped into the opera house to listen for awhile to the formal exercises for the opening day, but he found the prosy oratory tiresome and soon sought the open air. Bridge and Court streets were brought out brilliantly by arches of incandescent lights, and in the Indian summer warmth a pushing, perspiring crowd made their way up and down the streets and jostled each other into the gutter, while the confetti was scattered about, and the feather dusters were everywhere in evidence.

With a gesture of disgust, Sugden turned from the crowd. His mood was not attune to merrymaking, and he sought the more quiet parts of the town. Almost unconsciously he took the familiar paths that led to the little cottage where the Grantleys had made their home, and presently he found himself leaning against the fence that inclosed the well kept garden. Here he lighted a cigar, and with the soft gloom of the tree shaded yard for his screen he projected from his fancy scenes wherein he and Elizabeth had figured. He could see the gay lawn party swing between the apple tree and the horse chestnut. He could picture the dainty figure in filmy white and could almost hear her call of "I'm out here, Billy, in the hammock," as the gate clicked behind him.

Then his mind captured the vision of the wistful faced girl leaning upon the railing of the bridge and pleading with him to keep his freedom that he might make his flight free handed. He remembered those last few moments when he had declared that he would have nothing more to do with a girl who feared to face poverty with him, and even now it seemed that he could hear her sobs as she had walked with tear blinded eyes down the street, while he had leaned against the wall and had watched her go without a single word of comfort.

Somehow the sobbing seemed strangely real. It was almost as though a woman were in the shadow of the trees was letting loose the flood gates of her grief. So real did the sound seem that he quite gave his clear head credit for the low fence making for the direction of the sound. But, though he expected to find a woman there under the trees, it was with a shock that he did come face to face with a bowed figure. With uplifted hat and a murmured offer of service he advanced, but the woman moved away silently. Something in the pose brought Sugden's heart into his mouth, and, with a cry, he dashed forward.

"Elizabeth! Is it really you?" he demanded. "Have I found you at last?" The girl was at the gate now, and in the light of the distant street lamp he saw that he was right.

"Listen, dear," he went on. "I don't blame you, for wanting nothing to do with me, but hear me only for a minute."

"I did not know what you intuitively guessed how hard the struggle would be. I did not know the conditions. I thought that with you to help me make the fight I could do better. I know now that I was wrong."

"I thought that knowledge would come in time," said the girl softly. "Genius in a garret is a thing of the past. Genius to be discovered must live and dress well. I could not make you understand that."

"But I know it now!" he assured her. "I can see that alone I could live better and at least preserve the appearance of prosperity that was my greatest aid to advancement. And even as my error was great so is my penitence, Betty. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me, to admit me at least to your friendship?"

"To forgive is part of woman's life," she said wearily. "I had not intended to make myself known, I just wanted to see the old town and the old home again, but you have found me out."

"And this time I shall not let you go," he said, "that if I can prove how great has been my repentance. Look, dear, the old house is for sale. May I buy it in the hope that some day we shall call it home? I know I do not deserve forgiveness, dear, but—you said I would find you waiting when I came home."

"It has been a long wait," she said softly, "a very long wait, Billy, but I have kept my promise. I have waited alone."

Gently, almost reverently, he took her in his arms, and as his lips brushed the soft brown hair he realized what some men never come to know, the depth and beauty of a woman's loving forgiveness. Sugden had found the old home—and the new.

Taking No Chances.

"It is a rule to which good lawyers usually adhere," says a Philadelphia attorney, "never to tell more than one knows. There was an instance in England not many years ago wherein a lawyer carried the rule to the extreme.

"One of the agents in a Midland revision court objected to a person whose name was on the register on the ground that he was dead. The revision attorney declined to accept the assurance, however, and demanded conclusive testimony on the point.

"The agent on the other side arose and gave corroborative evidence as to the decease of the man in question.

"'But, sir, how do you know the man's dead?' demanded the barrister.

"'Well,' was the reply, 'I don't know. It's very well to prove.'

"'As suspected,' returned the barrister. 'You don't know whether he's dead or not.'

"Whereupon the witness coolly continued: 'I was saying, sir, that I don't know whether he is dead or not, but I do know this: They buried him about a month ago on suspicion.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Degrees of Pity.

The Bachelor—Don't you pity us old bachelors?

Young Widow—Yes, but I don't suppose I pity you as much as the old maids do.—Chicago News.

THE DIAMOND CROP.

What Becomes of the Picks of Gems Turned Out Each Year?

Where do all the crystallized gems go—worth many millions of pounds—which come into the market every year? The diamond is said to be one of the hardest things in nature and is practically impervious to wear and tear. I have an idea, though I am not certain, that an old diamond is every bit as good as a new one, supposing both belong to the same class—that is to say, diamonds do not wear out as trousers or hats wear out.

Then what becomes of the thousands and thousands turned out each year? I know that the financial geniuses who control the diamond output keep the supply down to the actual demand so as not to lower the price, and thus there must be a steady demand for these things to the value of millions a year, and there must be a gradually increasing stock or accumulation of them in rings or tiaras, crowns, scarf pins and so on.

People do not cover themselves all over with these gems and then jump about in the street to shake them off for the sake of suitable friends and poor relations, as was done by the gaudy Duke of Buckingham. A certain number, I know, are stolen every year; but, after all, they are comparatively few, and most of them come back into the market in a very short time.

The man who steals diamonds does not eat them. He disposes of them for the benefit of his humble family, and all he really does, poor, honest and misunderstood fellow! is to put them into circulation. Where do they go?—London M. A. P.

JOSS STICKS.

The Process of Their Preparation Still Practically Unknown.

In all countries where Buddhistic worship is celebrated there is a great consumption of "joss sticks." These perfumed candles are lighted on occasions of festivity or mourning, prayer or thanksgiving to divinities, and the like. Joss sticks are at once candles and incense, since, like the latter, they burn without apparent flame. Their preparation is shrouded in some mystery, and the process is still practically unknown, those who carry it on being chosen from a special class and kept in rigorous seclusion.

A squared strip of bamboo, of varying length and thickness, according to the size of the joss stick that is to be made, is skillfully rolled on an inclined surface in a mixture of odoriferous powders agglutinated by resin, made viscous by slight elevation of temperature. One of the ends is left as it is, to serve as a handle. In some cases the bamboo is replaced with a flexible rod, which enables the joss stick to be rolled in spiral form.

The composition of the odoriferous powders varies with the country. Those used in India come generally from the province of Canton, and include fourteen drugs, among which may be named camphor, cantharis, benzoin and clove. Aconite plays the part of a preservative and protects the joss sticks well against the attacks of rats and mice.—Chicago News.

The Perfect Kiss.

Why osculating has received so little attention from wise men we cannot tell. It may be that thinking and kissing do not well together. If so, few of us would require long time to choose between them, or possibly the subject has seemed to require too delicate handling, or it may have seemed trifling. We neither know nor care. The most valuable practical lesson to be derived from experience and now set down is that closing of the eyes is essential to perfection in kissing. Aside from this hint to those of congenial spirit we would merely direct the attention of those who may decry the importance of the topic to the influence of the charm in retaining hold upon one worth keeping and rendering less frequent and hazardous those absences which are only too likely to make the heart grow fonder—of some one else.—George Harvey in North American Review.

Cedar Shavings For Dogs.

If your dogs are troubled with fleas a very simple way to get rid of the pest is to provide beds of fresh cedar shavings or, better, cedar excelsior in the kennels or wherever the dogs sleep. The scent is not at all unpleasant to the dogs, but is abhorrent to the fleas. When a dog's coat gets thoroughly scented not only do the fleas leave him while asleep, but they will not jump upon him when he is out in the sand during the day.—Country Life in America.

Vanity and Love.

"Do you agree with the woman who says that vanity is a much stronger passion than love?"

"Well, I know that there is a greater demand for mirrors than for valentines."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Called It.

Peggy—Now will you listen to me while I tell you the plain truth, Reggy?

Reggy—I'm all ears, Deggy, Peggy—That's just what I was going to say, only I should have put it differently.—Illustrated Bits.

Where It Hits Him.

"Cubbison says it costs him a quarter every time he goes to church."

"I have never seen him contribute a cent."

"He has to get his trousers pressed."—Harper's Weekly.

He runs heavily who is forced to run.—Danish Proverb.

It is claimed indigestion is the National disease. That's why the demand for Rings Dyspepsia Tablets keeps increasing because they do the work. Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, bloating, etc., yield quickly. Two days treatment free. Ask your druggist about them. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Bridal Race.

By Maude Swaim Evans.

Copyrighted, 1897, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

"I want you to ride in the bridal race with me, Frieda," said Wilhelm Roth as he stood ready to mount Nance after having delivered his aunt's wedding invitation to Farmer Dietrich's family.

"I can't," answered Frieda Dietrich with regret in her eyes and voice. "Father has promised Amil Myer that shall ride with him."

"You wouldn't do that, Frieda?" pleaded Wilhelm. "I've never told you so, but as long back as I can remember I've counted on your being my wife some day. You won't ride in the bridal race with any other man, Frieda? Tell me that you won't," entreated Wilhelm.

"I'd like to ride with you, Wilhelm, but I can't. I must do as father says," and the tears welled to Frieda's eyes as she turned and went into the house.

Dejection and gloom took possession of Wilhelm as he rode away.

"I don't believe that Frieda really cares for Myer," he soliloquized. "He must be at least ten years older than she is, but he's got his farm clear and money in the bank, and of course that talks with Dietrich. Myer's got good horses, and he stands a chance of winning the race with Nance out, and if he does!" Wilhelm's face looked dark and threatening and then pertained as his thoughts flashed back to a winter's night when he, a half grown boy, sat by the fireplace in Stein's large kitchen and with bulging eyes and open mouth listened to old Granny Stein tell weird stories of her fatherland. Just as gruesome as the one that night would he see the old woman's face grow white like and uncanny under the flickering firelight as she told of a couple who, after wedding the bridal pair had disregarded the angel and had refused to marry.

Love had changed to hate, and so bitter was the new passion that they traveled far away from their native home in hope of never meeting again. When a twelvemonth passed the "fire man" gained possession of their souls, and constantly and unceasingly he pursued them, bringing them nearer and nearer together, until he succeeded in driving their close enough to encircle with his lightning. At first there was a great circle, but it grew smaller and smaller until the man and woman met and then in a flash and a roar they disappeared and were never seen again. Wilhelm knew that if Frieda rejected the bridal race with Myer she would be irrevocably lost to him.

One morning shortly after Wilhelm had carried the wedding invitation he was in the village. When about to get his horse for the homeward trip he remembered that his mother wanted some things from Funk's grocery. In the store he found Dietrich and Myer. Myer had brought in some farm produce and was settling with Gus Funk, the grocer's boy.

"I owe you a dollar ninety-seven but I can't make it," said Gus, looking into the money drawer. "I have only one ninety-five in change."

"That's near enough, Myer," interrupted Dietrich; "take it and come on."

"I don't know," replied Myer. "A penny here and a penny there and a dollar's soon gone. You put it down, Gus, and pay me the next time," insisted Myer, following Dietrich out.

"There's a stingy man for you," remarked Gus to Wilhelm. "If father owes him an odd sum he'll always say, 'Even it up, Funk; a few pennies don't count,' and father will even it up."

"You don't have money unless you watch it, Gus, my boy," responded Wilhelm.

"There's a limit," retorted Gus. "Myer is an old miser. One time I picked up a few apples from under his trees, and he came out and swore he'd have me arrested. Henry Hubb came along and paid for them, and then the old coward said I ought to be punished anyway, and he gave me a kick that made me sore for a week. I intend to get even with him for that kick some day."

"I believe you're just the fellow I'm looking for, Gus," Wilhelm declared, and he stayed in the store and talked for nearly an hour. When he came out he had a smile on his face and he had regained his usual cheerfulness. Each day until the wedding he carried and brushed Nance until her coat shone like velvet. Wherever he could he took the church road to his home, and when there was no one in sight he urged his mare to her fastest speed and guided her through ditches and over all the rough places that he could find along the road.

"It's no use pulling at my coat, old girl," declared Wilhelm as he brushed Nance the morning of his sister's wedding day. "No, you can't have oats of anything else until you get back. I know it seems mean, Nance, but you'll exhibit the more by and by. I'll prize some pretty ribbons for you. Ride means first prize. Do you know that? There, you are as pretty a mare as ever traveled those roads. Now watch me, old girl. See—one, two, three—four measures of oats. In they go. No, don't nuff; you can't have a bite now. They'll be there when you get back. I'm going to hitch you to a buggy and tie you in the yard until I'm ready to start."

When Wilhelm arrived at the church he found nearly all of the hitching places occupied. There were horses and vehicles of all sorts, and all were gayly trimmed with plumes and ribbons and bunting. Myer's horse was tied to the post nearest the church porch.

"I suppose he'd have tied at the porch if the place wasn't reserved for Dietrich," Wilhelm muttered as he fastened Nance to the fence on the opposite side of the road. He entered the church a few minutes before the bridal couple arrived.

After the last words of the ceremony were spoken the little organ sent forth a joyous strain, and Fritz and Ann walked down the aisle toward the door, Dietrich alone preceding them. He was to drive them home. All the other guests kept their seats until the chiming of the church bell announced that the bridal party had started, for as deeply rooted as was the belief in the winner's omen was the belief that misfortune would surely follow the bride in her married life did any in the race pass her carriage during the run.

At the first ring of the bell there was a general and hurried uprising. Myer and Wilhelm were the first out, and as they stepped on the porch they saw Myer's horse tying down the road toward his home with a broken hitching strap dangling from his bit. In frantic anger Myer jumped from the porch and went yelling after the horse.

"You're going the wrong way to win the race," called some one after him.

Wilhelm hurried to where Nance was tied. "Quick," he whispered in her ear. He jumped in the buggy and drove to Frieda, who was standing with a group of girls awaiting their escorts.

"Jump in Frieda," invited Wilhelm. "Nance won't stand."

Frieda glanced at her father in the distance and then at Myer's disappearing figure. Then she accepted the help of Wilhelm's free hand and sprang into the buggy. In another second the church bell rang for the start, and she and Wilhelm were speeding with a dozen other pairs after the bridal couple.

With each lightning stride of a full blood Nance seemed as she had never run before. Hedges, ditches, over cuts and stiles, each in their turn she gained on the other horses, till at last she had left them all behind. She entered the yard several minutes before the next couple arrived.

After that Frieda and Wilhelm went into the house, and Dietrich was tying his horses when he caught sight of Wilhelm and Frieda.

"I thought you were to ride with Myer," he growled.

"Myer's mount, the race with his horse, lunged Wilhelm. "He won't the other way."

"Well, have it so, I suppose now," said Dietrich, shaking Wilhelm's hand. "You don't seem to be very sorry about it, Puss," he remarked, pinching his daughter's cheek as Wilhelm led her in to get the bride's first kiss.

After the last guest had left the church Gus Funk crawled cautiously out through a hole in the foundation of the church.

"Gee, that wasn't much of a trick," he grinned, "to change Myer's strap for a broken one and to 'shoo' the horse down the road. It's a good thing that Dietrich ain't the quarrelsome kind or he'd take back. I've got even with Myer all right, more than even. I really think I've got the better kick, for this morning Gus Wilhelm paid me a dollar which is certainly worth two."

Prophesied the Phonograph.

An electrician of New York has a collection of prophecies anent the phonograph. It is interesting to note that Emerson prophesied the phonograph's advent. He said:

"We make the sun paint our portraits now. By and by we shall organize the echoes as we now organize the shadows."

Maury, in 1844, prophesied more clearly than Emerson, saying:

"What a pity it is that M. Daguerre, instead of photography, had not invented a process of writing by merely speaking through a trumpet at a piece of paper. Instead of saying, 'I wrote you a letter last Monday,' the phrase would have been, 'I spoke you aream.'"

Tom Hood prophesied in his Comic Annual for 1839:

"In this century of inventions, when a self acting drawing paper has been discovered for copying invisible objects, who knows but that some future Daguerre or Herschel may find out some sort of Boswellish writing paper to repeat whatever it hears?"

John Chinaman's Joke.

All around Chaotung lies abundance of silver, copper, coal and iron, but the Chinese have very primitive ways of getting the minerals. They admit foreigners are the best at that kind of thing, because they have the power of seeing underground. Some years ago two Japanese went to Chaotung exploring for silver. The authorities wanted to test their powers. They buried some silver ingots on the parade ground. Then they took the Japanese a walk that way. "Is there any silver about here?" they asked. "No," said the Japanese, "this is not the kind of soil in which silver is found." Then the buried metal was produced from under their feet amid the gold hilarity of all Celestial attendants, since which time the Chaotungese have had a prodigious contempt for foreigners.

Old Pals.

A member of the school board of Cleveland was once addressing a class when he touched upon the beauties of friendship.

"Friendship, boys and girls," said he, "is a thing to be cultivated and practiced by all of us. Read and ponder the stories of the great friendships of sacred and profane history. Take them for your models—David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias and Scylla and Charybdis."—Harper's Weekly.

WEDDING BELLS A-PLENTY.

Marry Young and Often Seems to Be the Rule in Egypt.

According to information given from authoritative sources to a correspondent of Belle's Weekly while in Egypt, "there are few men in Cairo past the age of twenty years who have not been married at least twice, and the majority of women over sixteen have made a half dozen or so matrimonial experiments." There is no disgrace attached to divorce in Egypt. In mutual celebration wines with the honeymoon there is nothing more natural to the Egyptian mind than that the dissatisfied party takes steps toward another trial. Marriage is universal in Egypt. There are no old maids. Widows remain widows but a short time, and, as a rule, no young man is considered fitted for business or entitled to the confidence of the community until he is married. These numerous marriages and their attendant celebrations make it extremely interesting for the stranger from the west who journeys through Egypt. Toward the end of the tourist season, when money becomes still more plentiful than it is just before the travelers invade the country and begin to scatter plasters along the Nile, there are hundreds of marriages. In Cairo they average during the month of April from ten to twenty a day of the elaborate sort—with brass bands, processions and feasting—and any number of less showy ones.

A LONG DRIVE.

The Expert Lumberman of the Canadian Rivers.

One of the most interesting sights the new arrival in Canada can strike is to witness a log drive on one of the rivers there, especially should there be several spirals to negotiate.

The expert river man is a clever athlete—clever and fiery as any circus rider, his steeds probably cutting more antics than any horse could pick up. He will jump from one log to another quickly as they swirl around until he reaches the one he wants, then he will make for the center and stand perfectly upright and still, balancing himself with a long pike or pevey, sometimes running down rapids miles without landing.

He also guides other logs into the channel in passing, at times jumping from one to another in marvelous fashion, although the logs are twisting and turning in every direction.

Probably the cleverest piece of work one could observe out here is when the logs get jammed in passing the rapids. Then you see the expert at his best. He is here, there and everywhere until he gets things as he wants them, when he will calmly stand and ride down among the heaving, grinding mass as though there were no danger at hand. This scene, so full of excitement, once witnessed, could never be forgotten.—London Tribune.

A Royal Martyr to Etiquette.

In Spain the etiquette to be observed in the royal palaces was carried to such length as to make martyrs of their kings. There is a historic instance. Philip III. was gravely scalded by the fire. The grandeur of the court had limited so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair. The domestics could not presume to enter the apartment because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis de Tarat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fires, but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duc d'Useda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out. The fire burned fiercer, and the king endured it rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree that he was seriously ill the next day. A violent fever succeeded, which carried him off in the twenty-fourth year of his age.—London Standard.

New to Stirrups.

An eight-year-old, who has spent all his short life in the city and numbered roller skates, tricycles and toy autos among his accustomed playthings, passed a Sunday on a farm a short distance away. During the afternoon a small saddle was hunted up and one of the horses pressed into service. The boy was enjoying his first horseback ride, and after he had been walked up and down the barnyard a few times he asked his father, who was leading the horse, to make him run a bit. The father complied. Suddenly the boy called out:

"Oh, stop, papa, stop! I've lost one of my pedals."—New York Sun.

Protecting His Magazines.

"While waiting at the doctor's the other day I picked up a magazine from his table to pass the time," said the man who observes things. "All through the book on nearly every other page was stamped his name, and it so irritated me that I spoke to him about it.

"'If I didn't fill that magazine up with the notice he'd think I wouldn't last ten minutes in this place.' Somebody would be sure to carry it away. Even as it is I lose one every little while."—New York Press.

The Boss.

"All right," said Elsie, "we'll play theater. I'll be the boss."

"No," replied Tommy, "I will. It takes a man to be manager."

"Of course, that's all right. I mean I'll be the leading lady."—Kansas City Independent.

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Confident that this bank fully meets the public needs, we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 189, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Minnie Stewart did, on the 18th of April, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Edward E. Stewart:

We therefore command you, the said Edward E. Stewart, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December, 1907, to answer the petition or libel of Minnie Stewart and show cause, if any you have, why the said Minnie Stewart your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1907.
Melvin & Melvin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 206, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Kate Richmond did on the 20th day of April, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, C. M. Richmond.

We therefore command you, the said C. M. Richmond, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Kate Richmond and show cause. If any you have, why the said Kate Richmond, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1907.
C. E. Judd, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 191, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Allee E. Valentine did, on the 19th day of April, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Harry C. Valentine:

We therefore command you, the said Harry C. Valentine that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Allee E. Valentine and show cause, if any you have, why the said Allee E. Valentine, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1907.
J. E. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 224, June Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Eber Rosslyn Young did, on the 2d of May, 1907, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Cora Smith Young:

We therefore command you, the said Cora Smith Young, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Eber Rosslyn Young and show cause, if any you have, why the said Eber Rosslyn Young your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1907.
J. M. McClure, Libellant's Attorney.

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